

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

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JOHN THIMBLEBY'S DREAM

THE TROUBLES OF
70 YEARS AGOA Bank For Time Instead
of For MoneyWHAT JOHN RUSKIN
THOUGHT OF IT

We have been reading a letter John Ruskin wrote about 70 years ago.

It was sent to a dreamer, a certain John Thimbleby. John Thimbleby saw the distress and poverty of the early years of last century, watched the cruel progress of the Industrial Revolution, and lived through the Hungry Forties. He felt that there was something wrong with a civilisation in which there was so much suffering and distress, and he looked about for the cause. He found it, as he thought, in the economic system of the day, and dreamed of a Utopia in which all wrongs would be put right.

The Time Standard

Plato and Sir Thomas More and Mr H. G. Wells have all given us new foundations for old, but their ideas have not been quite so original as John Thimbleby's proposed economic revolution. His idea was to replace the gold standard by a time standard.

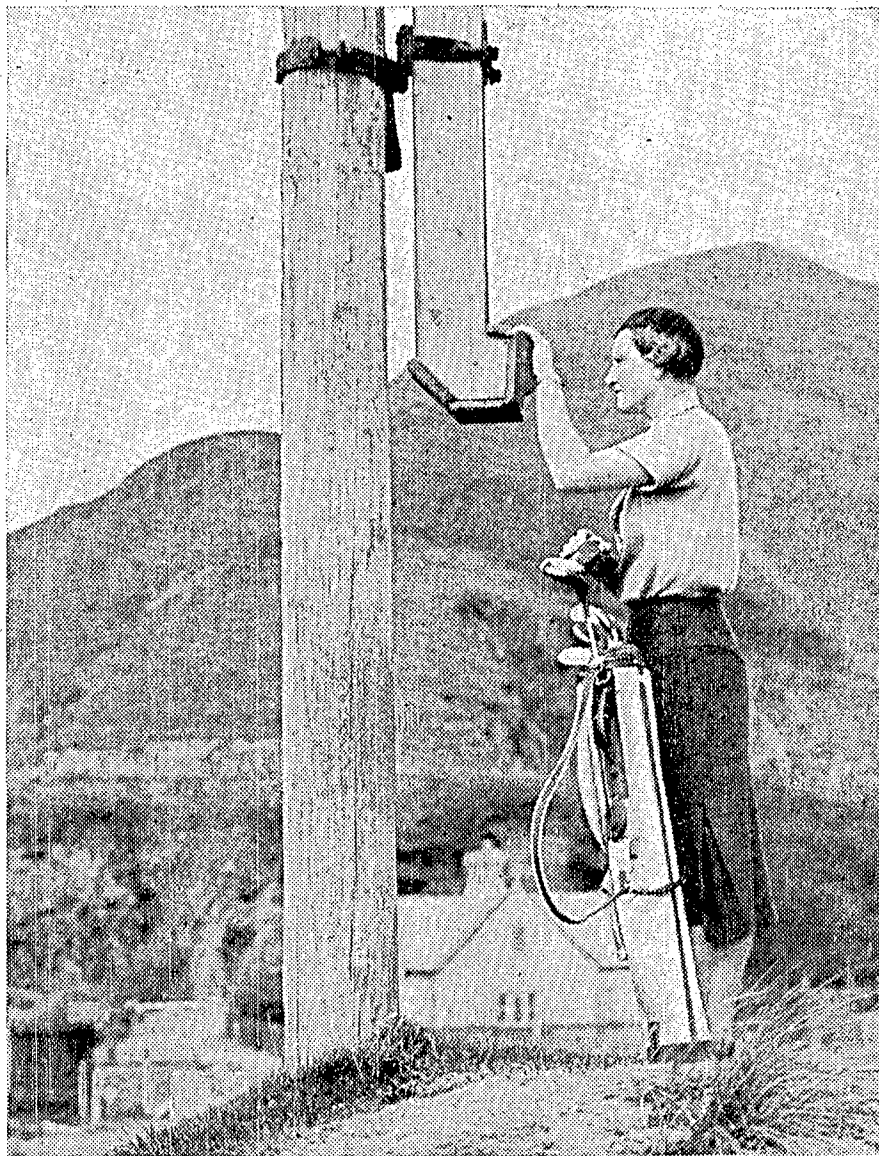
By his system the Legislature was to establish a National Time Note Bank under the control of ten members of Parliament. The bank was to issue notes representing hours, days, months, and years; and in his book he had specimens of the three kinds of notes he would like to see issued, a Two-Year note, a Ten-Day note, and a Ten-Hour note, the first in gold letter, the second in silver, and the third in black. He urged that the great end of a time medium of exchange would be the just valuation of all men's labours, for society would be divided into three classes, those whose labour is purely mental, those whose labour is intellectual and physical, and those whose labour is physical only.

Ten Days a Week

Let it be supposed, said the author of this original scheme, that a piece of copper now valued at threepence required one hour in its production. That would give half-a-crown for the ten hours, or a day's labour. Let us reflect that no man can add to or take from the hour's circle, and that thus it becomes a certain measure of value. If a man labour his hour he is entitled to the same labour of his fellow man.

The Time Note represents this; and those who issue the Time Note are the guaranties that a full hour's labour has been performed. Manual labour requires only strength of body, thus the hour note represents it; but to the labour of intellect and of body a greater value is attached, and thus a ten-day note should value the week's labour.

The Golfer's Periscope



The golfer can now see over the hill. Here on the Aberdovey course in North Wales is a periscope showing the player when it is safe to drive beyond the sandhills on to the green 165 yards away.

John Thimbleby showed us that mental labour would be paid for at a still higher rate; and he gave us a picture of 1999, a year in which every evil of his day was abolished, the Time Notes enabling everyone to work at whatever employment best suited them, certain of prompt and adequate reward.

John Thimbleby tried to enlist the support of John Ruskin who at once saw through all the fallacies of the Time system and did a very thankless thing, telling the dreamer that his dream was a dream. This is what Ruskin wrote:

Sir, I am obliged by your communication, but, though your principles are in the main right, your plan is impossible in the entirely abstract form into which you have thrown it. It may be possible some day to guarantee bodily labour, but never mental; and the first step of all is a much simpler one, to change the standard from gold to bread.

Truly yours, J. Ruskin.

It is long since John Thimbleby and his dream were lost to sight, but it is interesting that they should turn up with the world upside-down and longing for some magic solution of its troubles.

THE CHILDREN'S SHIP To India For the Holidays

The Children's Ship is on her way to India, bearing as happy a cargo as ever travelled East.

The hardest part of life overseas is often the separation between parents and children.

Children have to come home to England when quite young, and spend years at school while their fathers and mothers remain in the Tropics. Naturally they feel this separation most keenly in the holidays.

Now a shipping company has hit on a delightful idea. The motor-ship Worcestershire is carrying a big party of children to spend the summer holidays with their parents in India, Ceylon, and Burma. They will have the holiday of their lives, spending about a month in their Asiatic homes, and getting into touch once more with their fathers and mothers, and will return to this country, on the same ship, in time for the new term in September. Bon voyage!

SKIP-JACK AND THE NATION

OFFSPRING OF THE
LITTLE CLICK BEETLEHidden Enemy of Our Security
Lurking in the Soil

SCIENCE LOOKING INTO IT

The necessity to increase supplies of home-grown food is directing attention to one of the gravest unmastered problems of agriculture—the wireworm.

Most of us have handled a comical little beetle which, turned on its back, bends its body, straightens it again with a click, and springs into the air, to alight right-side up. That is the skip-jack, or click beetle, harmless in itself but the parent of the deadly wireworm.

The Pest in the Pastures

The wireworm, wormlike in form but with three pairs of legs near its powerful jaws, hatches from an egg in the soil and spends from two to five years in the larval condition, eating away at cereals, potatoes, beet, and indeed at practically everything we seek to raise.

The Government has sought in vain to grapple with the problem and is anxious because, supposing the need arose to double home supplies, we should have to plough up pasture for sowing, and all pasture teems with wireworms; which would fall on the young growths from the seeds like wolves falling on tender lambs. In arable land the wireworm has been largely got rid of, but it remains in most of our pastures. Time and the birds may perhaps have conquered it elsewhere.

There is no known way of dealing with the pest. Even were a suitable chemical antidote known there would be the difficulty of applying it in sufficient measure to be effective. With only a depth of nine inches, a field has a thousand tons of soil to the acre, and in such an acre the number of wireworms may be a million and a half.

Peril To National Supplies

But we should have to go deeper than nine inches, for wireworms, when they are about to enter the chrysalis stage, will burrow a foot down in the soil, where they would be immune from poison.

There may be five generations of wireworms in the soil at one time, those of this year with those which hatched in each of the four preceding years; and their combined efforts, in time of crisis and shortage, might seriously imperil national supplies.

The scientific farm at Rothamsted is now working at this problem, and should it succeed it will add one more to the series of obligations under which it has placed the farmers of the world, for it has increased the fertility of the soil and greatly lessened the attacks of the enemies of crops which lurk in it.

THE SPARE TIME OF OUR PEOPLE

WHAT SHALL THEY DO WITH IT?

Lancashire Still Showing the Nation the Way

WIGAN'S HALL OF LEISURE

We all agree with Sir Josiah Stamp in the speech he made when opening a great bathing-pool at Morecambe.

Lancashire leads in work and it is leading, we are glad to say, in the proper use of Leisure. It has the finest art galleries in the provinces, and wonderful parks and gardens everywhere. Now Morecambe has spent £300,000 on a scheme for beautifying the centre of the town. It has broken up an old shipbreaking yard and swept away a wasted area, transforming it into a new promenade, gardens, and band arena.

Where Leisure is Not Much Good

In opening the baths Sir Josiah Stamp spoke of the universal joy in swimming and made this remark about Leisure:

Looking at human life from the point of view of the economist, we are stressing less and less the great discoveries in production and the production of more commodities, and are looking wistfully on leisure, spare time, purchasing power, and the ability for enjoyment which modern progress has brought about.

Leisure is not much good unless it is organised and filled with worthy things.

It was only last November that the C N was hoping that what a Lancashire town did then, England would soon be doing. The hope is coming true. We had in mind Wigan, and the excellent idea of its Director of Education to set up an Institute of Leisure. That idea has now spread to Slough, which is setting up a building called a Youth Centre, and another Youth Centre is being planned for Bristol.

For Boys and Girls

This Utopian idea of providing municipal halls where folk may make good use of their leisure has at last come down to the actual earth on which the building is to grow. Wigan has now got its site—nearly five acres in the centre of the town. They hope to start building in the next six months.

The Wigan Institute is to fill the spare time of three distinct lots of folk: the unemployed boys and girls between 14 and 18 who will have their Junior Instruction Centres here; the men and women who want to continue to train their minds and bodies after leaving school; and all those voluntary activities for young people, like the Scouts.

Boys and girls will find here two gymnasiums fitted with shower-baths. There will be domestic science rooms and handicraft rooms, a medical inspection room and a rest room, and a library. No wonder the Ministry of Labour has allowed a grant.

Keep Fit Movements

The evening life of the Institute will be in parties, lectures, and games; unemployed can use the rooms by day or night, married women can come by day to rest or read or learn, and here will meet the Keep Fit Movements for men and women, the BBC Listening Groups, and classes from the Social Service, Church, Y M C A, and other clubs. No wonder the Board of Education has helped.

And here, at last, will be suitable headquarters for all the big Juvenile Organisations. No wonder the Carnegie Trustees helped with £5400.

Thus Wigan's Leisure Hall is now materialising from the Utopian dream of its Director of Education, Mr Leonard Missen, and we rejoice to see this sign that Lancashire is leading England in learning the lesson Sir Josiah Stamp has been preaching there.

SPAIN FIGHTING ITSELF

The Terror of the Civil War

DICTATORSHIP INEVITABLE?

Civil War continues to rage in Spain, with bitter, cruelty and the senseless destruction of all that civilisation holds dear. The terror sweeps from the Pyrenees to the Strait of Gibraltar, and across into Morocco.

The conflict is more than a revolution, for, though it began in the Army, the Navy and most of the Air Force remained loyal to the Government. As an example of the extremes to which the rival parties have gone to add to their forces, the Government at Barcelona threw open its prison doors to all who would take up arms on its side.

This led to one dramatic incident—the release of an Englishman serving a long sentence for taking part in a recent revolt. He walked out of prison, and stepped on board a British warship!

All round the coast of Spain our ships have been rescuing refugees, and the German Government has specially thanked us for helping its subjects.

The Spanish Government hopes to save Madrid from the rebels, whose successes have been won in the extreme north and in the south, where General Franco, who raised the standard of revolt in Morocco, has landed and has been carrying reinforcements by air from Morocco across the Strait.

To support the Civil Guards and the police, who have remained loyal, the Government has been enlisting and arming a Militia.

The leaders of the Left in Spain may have made many mistakes, but we must not forget that they gained power in a bloodless revolution, whereas General Franco and his associates have been ruthless in their methods, to the dismay of all who hoped to count Spain among the few free democracies left in Europe.

That day is far distant now, for, whatever the outcome of the civil war, a dictatorship of the Right or Left appears inevitable.

SOMETHING WORTH DOING

Done By Men Who Had Nothing To Do

At least 40 unemployed men of Tyneside have not been wasting the last year.

With materials supplied by Hertfordshire (which has recognised its good fortune in the matter of employment by helping less fortunate parts of England) these Tyneside men have built at Felling a fine boy's club. Only the steel frame for the timbers cost anything in labour. Even the designs were prepared for nothing by Mr Norman MacKellar, architect to the Tyneside Council of Social Service, which supervised the building.

It was declared open by the Duke of Gloucester the other day, and about 200 boys who have been hanging about at street corners now find here a gymnasium with shower-baths attached, which can become at will a hall with a stage for performances. There is a recreation room and a handicrafts room, a reading room, a kitchen, and a dressing room, and the whole is centrally heated.

That is the way to turn a year's unemployment into something well worth while.

THE JUNIOR HOSTEL

Juvenile hostels are gradually replacing reformatories in South Africa.

The new system of friendly hostels for lads who have an anti-social tendency has had an encouraging success, and already 80 per cent of the boys have turned out well.

CANADA'S DAY IN LONDON

KING AND PRIME MINISTER MEET 6000

Garden Party Surprise at Buckingham Palace

MR BALDWIN'S LAST WORD

From the solemn ridge of Vimy, poignant with remembrance, 6000 Canadians came to London, there to meet, at a friendly garden party at Buckingham Palace, the King who had stood for them as an unapproachable symbol on Vimy Ridge, but here in the garden called them Comrade, and joked with them about the weather.

The Palace can never have opened its gates to a more friendly informal party. Instead of top-hats and black coats there were berets and grey flannels, seas of berets, khaki for ex-Service men, blue for the relatives. There were children too, and we can imagine their delight when into the garden walked the King. He should have been on holiday, and the party was being given in his stead by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester; but even a king's holiday has sometimes to be put off, and so he came to refresh himself with memories of Canada and holidays on his ranch.

God Save the King

"I don't take any responsibility for this rain," he said. "I can only hope you have not all got very wet." He reminded them of how he had met many of them out in France in the war and on his four visits to Canada; and when some started to sing God Save the King, as they had sung on Vimy Ridge three days before, others broke in with "For he's a jolly good fellow"; and it was the good fellow who outpowered the king.

Thousands of photographs were taken at this party to show to the people at home; but two London scenes were photographed indelibly in the memory. The first was when the Canadian's sea of blue and khaki berets swept into Westminster Hall, and our Prime Minister spoke to them of the communion of the dead with the living.

"Even after all these years (said Mr Baldwin) the dead are doing their work." He went on to tell how French, German, and English had only within the last few months united to preserve the burial places of our dead, and how a German had laid a wreath on the Cenotaph in the hope that after the sacrifices of the war there might be a long period of human comradeship and peace.

In the Hall of Remembrance

Then, with his eyes full of tears, the Prime Minister said his last word to this gallant host from Canada:

If the world can find no other way of settling disputes than the way of war, then the world deserves to perish.

There were not many dry eyes as they stood in that Hall of Remembrance, the meeting-place of the first Parliament, the rule of peaceful law convened 700 years ago by Simon de Montfort. Then these pilgrims, who combine both French and English in a Canadian heart, marched out to the last impressive scene, and stood by the Cenotaph as Big Ben tolled twelve through the silence; and in the Abbey itself Mrs Wood, an old lady of 75 whose 12 sons fought in the war, five of them falling, laid a wreath for Canada on the Unknown Warrior's Tomb.

A RECORD FLIGHT

A record in the flight of toy aeroplanes was made by a German schoolboy at Frochbecher, near Hamburg.

His plane, provided with a tiny motor, went up and disappeared in the clouds.

It came down 3 hours 14 minutes later in the village of Preetz in Holstein, 57 miles from where it started.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The great drought in America has affected 550 counties in 16 States and cost £60,000,000. About 100 million bushels of wheat has been burned up and America will have none for export.

The level-crossing over the LMS Railway at Weston-on-Trent is to be replaced by a bridge.

The grape vine at Hampton Court Palace, 168 years old, has 500 bunches of grapes ready for cutting next month.

The number of tourists in France has fallen from over 2,000,000 in 1927 to under 700,000 last year.

A sister ship to the Queen Mary is to be built, and will be laid down on the same berth at the John Brown works on Clydeside.

The Duke and Duchess of York have been down a Durham coalmine 600 feet deep, the Duchess bringing away a piece of coal she chipped away.

A Royal Commission of six has been appointed and will leave for Palestine when order is restored; Lord Peel is to be chairman.

Congratulations to the staff of the National Institute for the Blind, who have finished two great tasks, the first Greek New Testament and the first Revised Edition of the Bible in Braille.

Hereford has opened the first municipal fruit market in England; its market records go back beyond the Christian Era.

A liner arriving at Seattle from San Francisco the other day found that it had caught a whale without knowing it; it was fixed to her bows!

A CUP OF PEACE

50 Nations Agree About It

This is the only thing on which some 50 nations have agreed in the last few years.

With these words Mr Dwight Davis acknowledged the gift of a gold watch during the challenge round of the Davis Cup tennis competition last month, a gift to which all the nations who have taken part subscribed.

It was in 1900 that Mr Davis presented the silver trophy for which all the nations in the world can compete, and in the early years of the competition he helped his own American team to win it. He still plays the game, and he was seen engaged in friendly rivalry with men of other nations on a secluded court at Wimbledon during the meeting which all the world was watching.

THINGS SAID

It is to be deplored that the past was less concerned with the past than the present is. Radio Times

King Edward, the world's premier tourist. A Paris newspaper

A boy who thinks and behaves as a boy is one of the most delightful works of the Creator, but a boy who apes a man of the world is a prig.

Headmaster of King's School, Ely

I am convinced that Peace will be saved. President of Czechoslovakia

Over half the accidents occur on straight roads and three-quarters in clear weather. Mr Hore-Belisha

London strikes me as more prosperous and more beautiful and contented than 20 years ago. A Canadian visitor

My outstanding impression about England is a lack of change; she keeps her atmosphere. An Australian visitor

I have never got over seasickness.

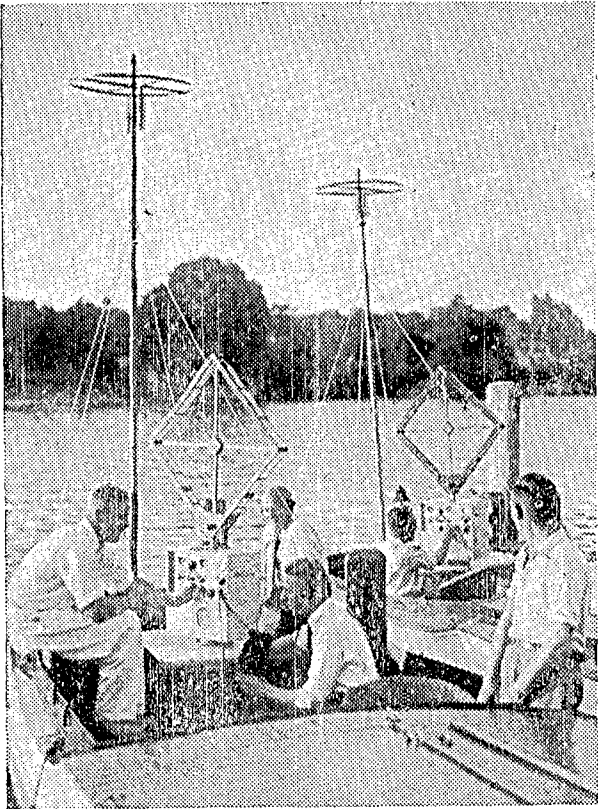
Admiral Keyes

I am confident that if the dead could come back today there would be no war. The Prime Minister

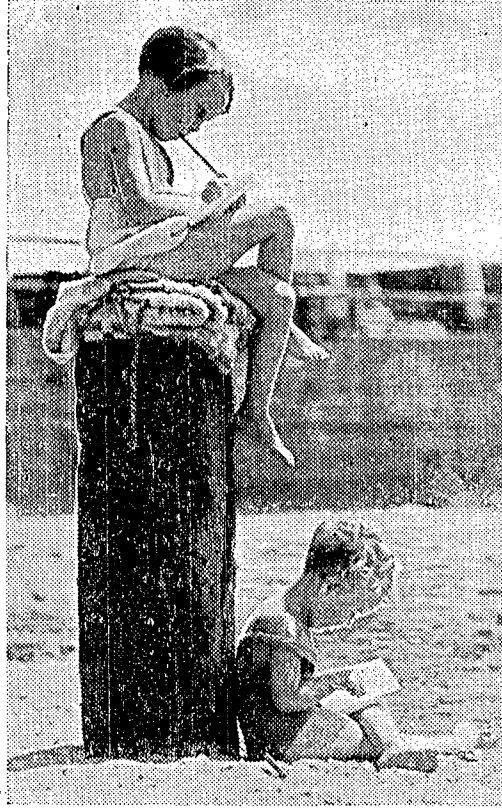
Don't be disgruntled at little unfairnesses; life is made up of them.

Lord Trenchard

A Day in the Country • Writing Home • Swans on the Thames



Radio Reporters—On launches at the Olympic rowing events



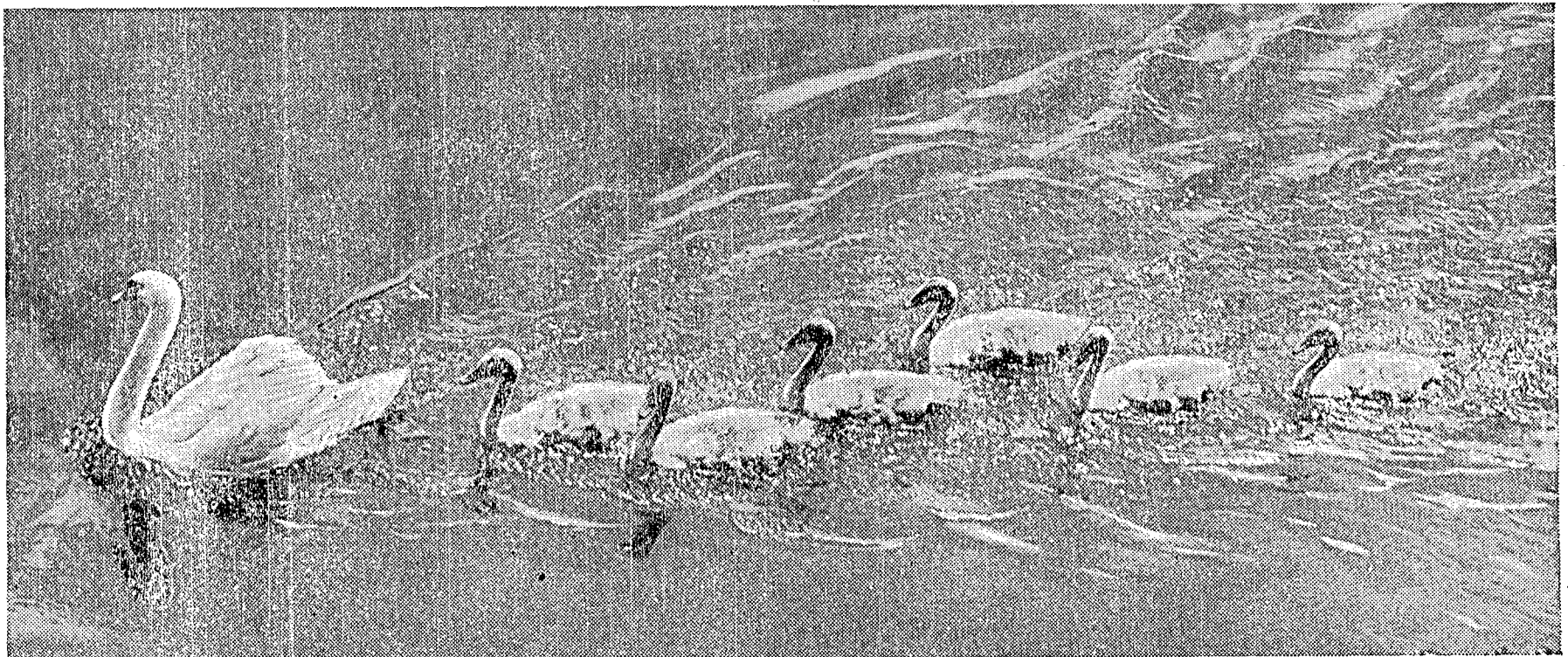
Writing Home About It—Two charming snapshots from Thanet and North Wales



Looking Ahead—Blowing up new footballs with compressed air in a Southwark factory



A Day in the Country—General Evangeline Booth at a children's outing at Boxmoor.



Following Mother—A swan and her cygnets on the Thames at Maidenhead. The Lord Mayor is taking four swans from London's river as a gift to London in Ontario. See page 13

THE STATE AND THOSE IN NEED

More Generous Scale of Benefit

THE MEANS TEST

The new regulations for Unemployment Assistance make both the scale rates of benefit and the test of means more generous.

The improvements cost an extra £750,000 a year and affect 200,000 people. The new proposals undoubtedly narrow for many people the margin between what a man could earn if at work and what he draws as "unemployed assistance."

On that important point the Chairman of the Board has something of importance to say in his first annual report. He points out that the payments made to applicants may, in some cases, be so little below an applicant's normal wages as to diminish both his eagerness to obtain work and his reluctance to relinquish it.

Plenty of Work To Be Done

It is stated that opportunities of training are refused by younger men, many of whom have never had a regular job since leaving school; young women without prospect of work in their home areas have been unwilling to take work elsewhere; married men with families, whose allowances are practically the same as the wages they would earn if in work, show little anxiety to take work; or to stick to it when it is given them.

After all, if payment for being idle is almost as great as payment for work, we must expect human nature to prefer the holiday.

Yet there are those who would even remove from the regulations any test of means. A test of means is said to be insulting and likely to destroy family life. The C.N. believes that this is nonsense. The test is one of need, and should be retained in the name of common sense.

Better still it would be to pay men for working instead of for idling. It is not impossible. There is plenty of work to be done, and all that is needed is to organise it and let the unemployed men do it in return for their pay.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

Two Things That Happened Last Week

Two sad little tales come into the news this week.

A man as generous as he was rich was on his way to Liverpool to lay the foundation stone of the University Library.

He had given £100,000 to it, and the University in token of its gratitude was to have conferred on him, Mr Harold Leopold Cohen, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; but a few hours before the ceremonies could take place the Doctor that was to be passed beyond all earthly honours at the house of his son, where he was staying for the night in anticipation of the morrow. His good deeds will live after him, and the University Library was only one of them.

Almost at the time this happened a widow passed away in sad circumstances. She was Mrs Rosina Kemp, whose husband had laid down his life in Flanders, and she had come from Calgary, Alberta, with the Canadian Pilgrimage, to see where he lay.

When she was coming across in the Atlantic liner she told her friends that when she had seen her husband's grave she would be prepared to follow him. She found it on the day after the ceremony at Vimy Ridge, and a few hours later she passed away on the voyage from Havre to England.

Do You Like This Weather?

It must be the Clerk of the Weather for 1936 who likes his weather bad, for he has spoiled our summer.

We remember asking our readers many years ago for a list of the people who like bad weather, and it is interesting now to recall how many people there are who do not mind it much.

These are the people who like it, according to the vote of C.N. readers long ago.

Bill-posters, because bad weather keeps them busy at the hoardings.

Blacksmiths, because there are more horses to shoe.

Butchers, because meat keeps better.

Carriers, because there are more parcels for them to carry.

Chemists, because it makes them busy.

Clergymen, because bad weather often fills their churches.

Coal merchants, because more coal is burned in dull and rainy weather.

Cobblers, because old shoes are sent for repairs in rainy weather.

Cotton-spinners, because cotton does not break so easily in damp weather.

Country people, because rain fills their water-butts.

Cricket-fielders, because rain spoils the batsmen's chances.

Dairy farmers, because the grass grows better for the cows.

Fancy dealers, because women do more fancy-work when kept indoors.

Firemen, because fires are more easily put out and do not spread so quickly.

Fishermen, because more fish are caught in dull and misty weather.

Fishmongers, because fish is fresher.

Gamekeepers, because cats and foxes dislike wetting their feet and do not poach.

Garages, which have more work.

Gas companies, as people use more gas.

Hairdressers, because more women have their hair curled.

Hawkers, because it is easier to sell things at the door.

Hotel porters, who get more tips for calling taxis.

Kinemas, which are more patronised when it rains.

Laundries, because clothes are quickly soiled in bad weather.

Lazy outdoor people, because they do not have to work when it is wet.

Libraries, because people read more.

Match-makers, because men stay at home smoking and use more matches.

Millers, because they have more power to drive the mill.

Milliners, because rain spoils hats.

Mole-catchers, because moles come out in bad weather.

Moss-gatherers, who depend on storms to wash up the seaweed.

Mushroom-growers, because mushrooms grow only in wet weather.

Music shops, because damp breaks fiddle-strings.

Mussel-gatherers, because mussels are driven inland and are easier to gather.

Oil-cake manufacturers, because cattle are fed on oil-cake when under cover.

Pessimists, who always like something to grumble about.

Petrol-dealers, because taxis are more used, and more petrol is sold.

Piano-tuners, because damp weather puts pianos out of tune.

Plumbers, because there are more repairs.

Rent collectors, who find people at home.

Rice-growers, because rice must be sown in water, so that rain is welcome.

Rubber-dealers, who sell more goloshes.

Slaters, because rain penetrates faulty slates and makes more work.

Sportsmen, because it is easier to approach their prey.

Sweeps, because bad weather means more fires, and more fires mean choked-up chimneys.

Tarpaulin-makers, who depend on rain.

Thatchers, because farmers hasten to have their ricks thatched when it rains.

Tobacconists, because men smoke more.

Tramps, because people are more sympathetic to a man shivering with cold or rain.

Waterproof dealers, who depend on rain.

THE QUEEN MARY'S CYCLONE

And the Plane Caught Up in It

When the Queen Mary just failed to beat the Normandie's record for the Atlantic crossing some mention was made of a seaplane that fell into the sea near her and caused her to slow down as she approached the Nantucket lightship.

Captain Sir Edgar Britten would have none of this excuse, saying that the Queen Mary slowed down only for such time as enabled him to see that another ship had picked up the victims of the crash. But the crash itself reveals a curious circumstance.

When the Normandie was lying at anchor in the Solent, waiting to take off passengers from Southampton by tender, a naval seaplane circling too near was caught in the upward rush of heated air from one of her funnels and came down on her forward deck.

The American seaplane suffered from an accident not of the same kind, but caused by the ship she was too closely approaching. When a ship goes through the waves she creates waves in the water which spread out from her bows, but which close in behind in her wake.

How Streamlining Helps

The same thing happens in the air. The immense bulk of a liner like the Queen Mary creates a formidable disturbance in the air, especially when she is travelling over 30 miles an hour. This makes air waves and eddies and, before the bow waves can close in behind in the ship's wake, leaves something like a partial vacuum in her wake. It is the appreciation of these facts which has given rise to the streamlined car and train, where the design is intended not only to remove the resistance from the front of the vehicle but to push it from the back.

The consequence to the American seaplane was that it was caught in these swirling air currents, where a high upward pressure at one end of the ship is replaced in a few seconds by a downward thrust of air at the other. It was too sudden for the plane's wings, which tilted too far over as she circled, and she crashed.

It might be said that the seaplane was caught in a small cyclone created by the Queen Mary's passage.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE AND HIS NATIVE CITY

For the first time the Canterbury cricket festival is being celebrated by dramatic performances given by the Old Stagers.

Marlowe was, next to Shakespeare, perhaps our greatest dramatic poet, and it has been noted as a subject for ironical comment that the ancient city of his birth is without a theatre in which to present a play by him.

Canterbury was the cradle of his dramatic genius, for King's School not only sent him to Cambridge University with the sound scholastic foundation for which it is famous, but, by the annual performance by its scholars of classical plays, it directed his thoughts to the creation of dramatic works which have immortalised him.

Even to his contemporaries he must have been rather elusive. He was christened at Canterbury as Marlow; at King's School he was entered as Christopher Marley; at Cambridge he appears as Marlin, Marlen, and Marley; in London his name was spelt Marlow, Marlo, and Marlowe, as we know him.

Fate was always unkind to Christopher Marlowe; he was murdered in mysterious circumstances in a Deptford tavern when he was only 29, with a greater record of fine work to his credit than Shakespeare had at the same age.

WRAPPER CENTURIES OLD

Its Historic Story

OLDEST PIECE OF BIBLE WRITING KNOWN

In the famous John Rylands Library at Manchester, the hand-somest library in this country, five fragments have been found and pieced together of the earliest written words of the Bible we know.

The lettering is Greek. The words come from the Book of Deuteronomy, beginning with a verse of the 23rd chapter, "When thou comest into thy neighbour's vineyard."

The Greek scribe wrote that less than two centuries before Christ was born, and these fragments are three centuries earlier than those of any other manuscript of the Bible that we know. The Bible has come down to us by the twin channels of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts. But the oldest dated Hebrew manuscript is no earlier than 916 A.D., when Edward, King Alfred's son, ruled all England, and Christianity ruled with him over the Saxons.

Papyrus From a Mummy

This Hebrew text is the traditional one copied from those written seven centuries earlier by the Massoretes, the Jewish guild of trained scholars. The Greek scribe who wrote on a roll of papyrus in the second century was the earliest copier, not of their race, of their version of the Old Testament.

Mr C. H. Roberts of Oxford, who is their learned decipherer and describer, tells how the five fragments were found in the Library, and how read. The writing was on a sort of cartridge paper made out of thicknesses of papyrus and then used for wrapping a mummy.

Rolls of papyrus for this purpose were cut into strips, and then three or four thicknesses were glued together. The outside was covered with plaster, painted and decorated. The lump of stuff on which the writing was found had six layers of scraps of papyrus, put together anyhow, twisted and folded. A strange result was that the scraps of Deuteronomy were mingled with fragments of a roll of Homer's Iliad. On the back of the scraps of Holy Writ a sprawling handwriting had written a memorandum of some sort. This had some use for the experts because it helped to date the first writing, which would not have been thrown away till some time after it had been made by the copier.

Speaking From the Past

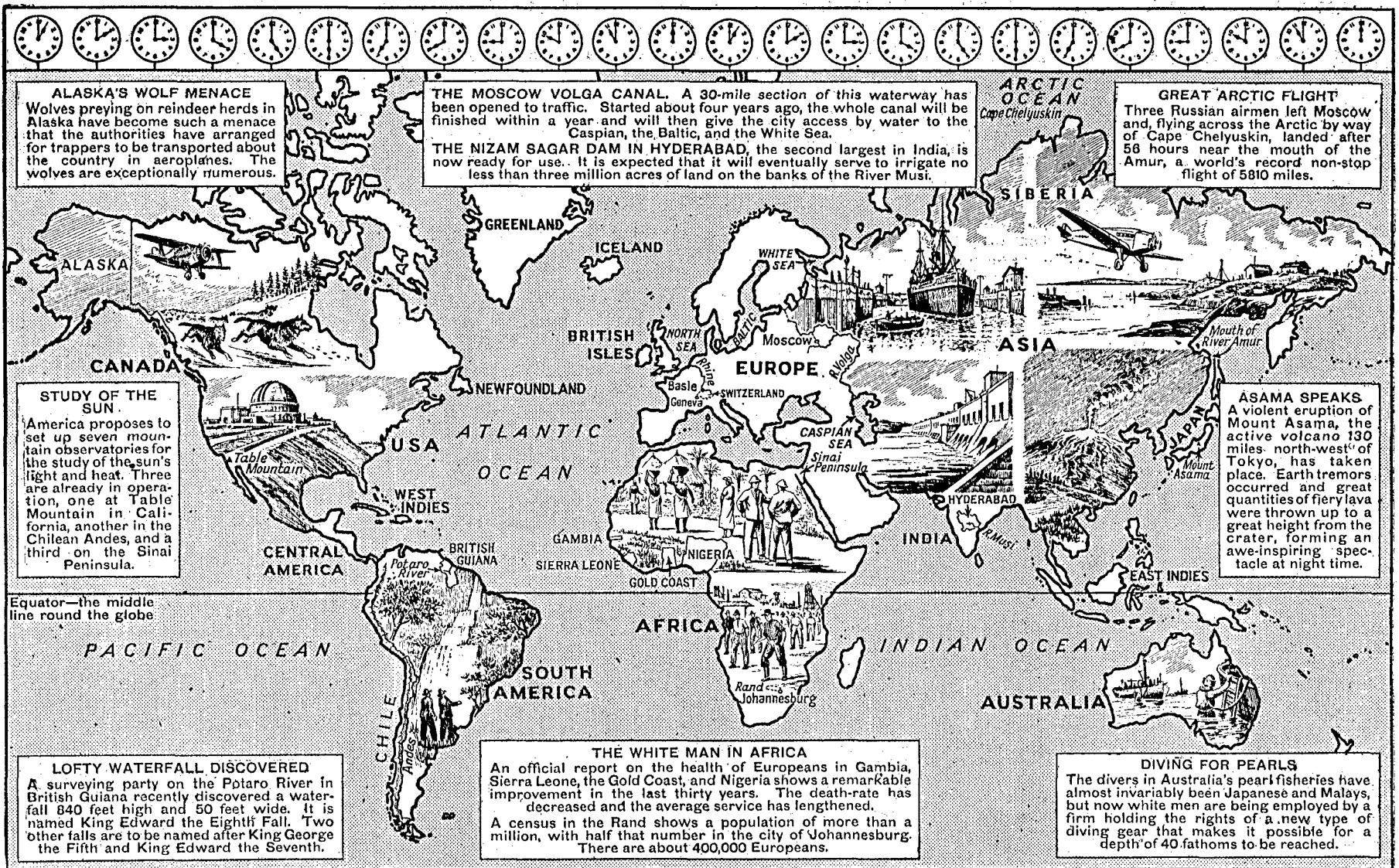
It may be assumed that the manuscript, though written by a Greek, belonged to a Jew, one of those who at that time were settled in Alexandria and the Egyptian Fayum, and had their own synagogues. This Greek version of their Bible may have been used in one of their synagogues, for Greek was then the current language among settlers by the Mediterranean.

Such is the story of these stirring fragments which speak to us from a distant and sacred past. A word must be said not only for the immense knowledge which can ascribe to them a date and an origin, but for the skill which rescued them from a heap of papyrus fragments.

First the plaster had to be removed from the cartonnage or cartridge paper covering; but the gum which held the thicknesses of papyrus together was so hardened that eventually the whole lot had to be put into boiling water for a minute. Then, with infinite difficulty but without further damage, they were pieced together.

The Government has decided that a pension for unmarried women at 55 is not practicable; it would cost over £4,000,000 a year.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



SWISS SHIPS

The Old Joke Comes True BASLE A SEAPORT

A stock question among those who try to catch us napping is about the Swiss Navy.

Switzerland may have no seashore, but she has now made Basle into a veritable seaport, and there are to be actual Swiss ships.

Basle is situated on both banks of the Rhine, and was always the head of the Rhine barge navigation. The barge season, however, was very limited, and only small loads could be accommodated.

By enterprising and costly improvement Basle has been made a port capable of handling a sea-going ship, and the old town has just celebrated the arrival of the first authentic Swiss merchant-vessel.

She is the Bernina, of 500 tons, and arrived at Basle from London on July 15, via the North Sea and the Rhine. With a sister ship she is thus to trade regularly between London and Switzerland.

Encouraged by her success in making Basle an important inland harbour, Switzerland is similarly to develop Geneva. See *World Map*.

CHINESE FOR WIRELESS

Our English tongue, though clear enough to listeners all the world over, is not the best traveller on the wireless.

It has too many consonants, and Professor Knudsen, an authority on acoustics, says that its frequent "ng" is the worst offender in the alphabet.

Spanish would be better for a wireless world language because of its many vowel endings, like Valencia, or Granada, or manana, which means tomorrow.

But the most audible of languages is Chinese! A pity that so few outside China can speak it.

TWO LEAPS

On Both Sides of the World

Two stories of dogs reach us from opposite ends of the earth.

One is of a dog being taken by air from Brisbane to Sydney, and so terrified at its experience that it bit its way out of a crate and through the fabric of an Australian Airways Liner and leaped into space.

The leap of the other dog, at Gourrock in Scotland, showed not fright but almost human understanding. It was a black retriever, trotting on a leash by its master near the railway line at Irvine when an old man was beginning to cross the rails in front of an advancing train unseen by him.

A passer-by saw the danger and raised a warning shout. The dog heard the shout, and, perhaps remembering what it had done once before, tore away from the leash, jumped a wall, and sprang toward the old man. It caught his jacket in its teeth, trying to pull him from under the approaching wheels; but both man and retriever were killed.

THE FOUR PIPS

No longer are our trunk telephone conversations to be brought to an abrupt conclusion with the operator's "Thr-ree minutes," which has a way of throwing the conversation into hurried confusion.

Instead we shall hear a discreet pip, like the BBC time-signal, 12 seconds before the end of each three-minute period. Three more pips will follow, the last marking the end of the three minutes. Already over 600 exchanges have been fitted with the new system.

The pip's first encounter with time was probably when, as pip-emma, it distinguished p.m. from a.m. or ack-emma for our fighting forces. Then there were the misguided youths who used to say "Pip-pip" to each other in farewell. Now "Pip-pip" is the farewell for trunk-telephone calls. Well, pip-pip!

ROADS OF FLOWERS

A Real Garden Estate

So-called garden estates are often as disappointing as the view of the sea we get from many boarding-houses which delight in the name of Sea View.

But two Londoners lost themselves off Western Avenue the other day and found by chance a new estate where the roads are planted with gardens so gay that it is almost as delightful to walk down one of them as to walk among the flowers in St James's Park.

A brilliant herbaceous border, a dozen feet wide, runs down the middle of one tree-lined road, ending in a rock-garden with little paved ways among patches of vivid colour. Roses fill a corner here, a waterlily pond overhung with delicate fronds makes a picture in another corner. 'All is exquisite with variety and colour, and these are just the public road gardens; there are private house gardens as well.

Well does the Hanger Hill Garden Estate deserve its flowery title, and we are not surprised to learn that it keeps seven gardeners at work on the ornamental roads of its 35 acres between North Ealing and West Acton Underground stations. If any West Londoners want a flowery walk next Sunday evening we suggest Princes Gardens, West Acton, and estate planners might learn much from such a walk.

LONG, LONG AGO

Remains of a huge prehistoric ape have been dug up near Pretoria by Dr Robert Broom.

Fossil cockroaches about 155 million years old have been discovered at Mount Crosby, near Ipswich, Queensland.

From Wellington, New Zealand, comes the news that the bones of a moa, the extinct wingless bird, have been found under the mud of an old crater; it is believed that it was trapped long ago in a bog while feeding.

THE MILKMAN AND HIS GLASS

Mr Buckley's Twin Interests GREAT TREASURE FOR THE NATION

The Victoria and Albert Museum now owns the finest collection of glass in the world, Mrs Wilfred Buckley having added to an exhibit already wonderful 600 specimens acquired by her husband. Mr Buckley died in 1933 and this fine gift is in memory of him.

Among the objects are most of the outstanding examples which have come into the market during the past 20 years. Glassware of the Near and Far East is well represented, while there are many signed works by famous English, German, and Dutch master craftsmen.

The enthusiastic collector of these treasures comes into the story of modern times in another (and not an altogether unlinked) association, for Mr Buckley held that no milk but the purest should be poured into any glass, and in 1915 he founded our National Clean Milk Society.

During the war he was appointed Director of Milk Supplies, and on his farm at Moundsmead, near Basingstoke, he gave a practical demonstration of how clean milk could be produced.

Exquisite glass and pure milk, could there be a happier combination? In this case the nation benefits from both.

QUEER EXPERIENCE OF SIX THOUSAND PEOPLE

The people of Flint, in North Wales, depend for their water supply on a spring hidden in the Halkyn Mountains. A few weeks ago the supply vanished mysteriously and nearly 6000 people were without water. The engineers found a huge cavity through which the water was escaping at the rate of 10,000 gallons a minute. Happily they succeeded in restoring the supply.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 8

1936

A Peace Olympiad

OVER the Olympic Games the ceremonial torch borne from Athens to Berlin sheds its mild rays. If only it would light the way to peace!

Such a torch was lighted two thousand years ago when Greece led a narrower world in all the arts of peace and when the Games were the outlet for the rivalry of States. Rivalry like that is never quite quenched. We need no magnifying-glass to perceive it today, when the youth and manhood of nations from all the continents march into the Stadium bearing their national flags and hearing their national anthems courteously played by the German bands.

Herr Hitler, watching the parade, might reflect that in all his reviews of a million patriots of the Fatherland he had never found anything to match this.

Germany first of all is his country's motto; but the young men and women of any of these eager and hopeful bands think the same of their country, however small or remote it may look on the map. In another world-wide competition just ended for this year, the Davis Cup, one of the players who both won and lost said that the joy of it was the feeling that you were playing for your country.

So they all think in the Olympic Games. There is the sweetness of triumph to the individual runner who breasts the tape inches ahead of his nearest rival, and the soreness of defeat for the one behind; but the uppermost thought in each mind is What will they say at home?

The soreness will pass, for there is something in the fellowship of high endeavour that smooths away bitterness. It is not because the loser can console himself by remembering that it is only a game, but because he cannot help remembering presently that the winner was after all a good fellow.

Only a game! Yes, but it may be that the Games are the real spirit of the peoples, and the policies only that of their leaders and politicians.

The leaders should learn the lesson of the Games. We cannot hope to see Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini meet on the cinder path, but it would be better if all dictators, great and small, settled their differences as our athletes settle theirs.

The peoples may place their country "all other lands above," but the land they all long for is the one

*Whose ways are ways of gentleness
And all its paths are peace.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Waking Up To Find Yourself Rich

THIS is the true story of a family waking up to find itself rich.

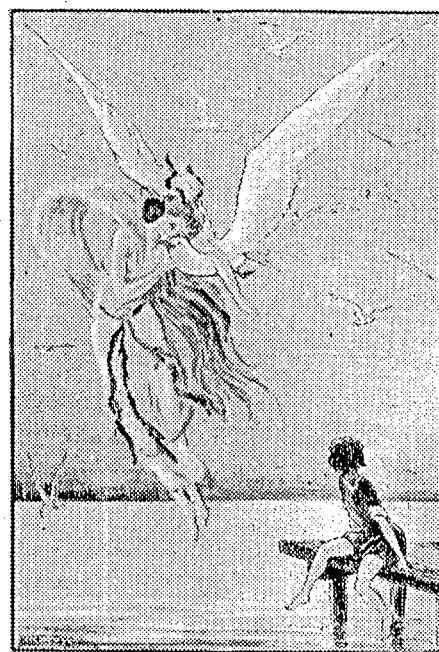
All their lives they had lived in a small house in a small way, and the boys and girls (there were several of them) had started to earn a living as soon as they were old enough.

Our particular friend was the eldest girl, who became a hospital nurse. The busy years rolled away till the father became a very old man, but still went punctually to work. Then he died, and then the children found that each of them owned £20,000.

Nurse left hospital, amid the excited congratulations of staff and patients, but she is back in hospital again now.

"I soon found that work is more fun than play," she said.

August



The Sea Nymph—By J. R. Monsell

Africa is Shocked By Europe

EUROPEAN travellers and writers are constantly telling the world what they think of Africans, but the tables have been turned at last. From "Ten Africans," edited by Margery Perham (Faber & Faber, 15s), we learn what they think of us. Says Ndansi Kumalo:

We went to the War Museum and saw all your terrible ways of killing, big guns and tanks, aeroplanes and submarines. With your weapons you shoot from far, far away and do not know whom you are killing; that is unmanly. We prefer to fight man to man. These weapons are too dreadful for us. No one could escape them, not by hiding at the back of caves, nor burrowing under the ground, nor by getting below the water. It is not a fair way of fighting.

Who is the more civilised, Ndansi Kumalo or Benito Mussolini?

If beauty grows old, share it before it be gone; and if it abides, why fear to give it away?

From the Greek Anthology

Going Off the Roads

FIRST the hansom and now the first tramcar have become museum pieces.

The London Museum has a hansom; Hull Museum has received the first tramcar to run in England. It was a horse-car and ran along Ryde Pier in the Isle of Wight 72 years ago.

It was long ago put into the lumber shed, but it has been now put together again and transported by train to Hull, where it will be looked on as a curiosity. The day may not be far away when all trams will become curiosities, instead of remaining as disturbers of traffic.

Tip-Cat

A MAN who was bringing a suit against another man decided to drop it. And brushed it aside.

MILK soon goes off in hot weather. The farther the better.

EVERY seaside place has its band. But it doesn't go round the town.

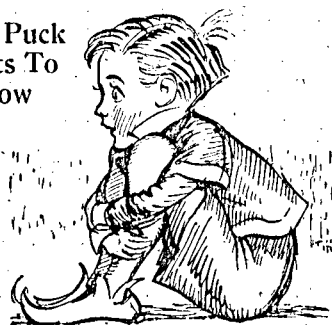
A CORRESPONDENT says a thunderclap in his district was like a gun. A weather report.

A FILM actor says he never likes to be photographed in profile. Doesn't believe in doing things by halves.

FIREMEN should have a better deal, somebody declares. At least they are never left out in the cold.

IT is to be a good grouse season, we read. If this rain does not stop it will be the biggest grouse season yet.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



What is the horse-power of a donkey-engine

If you want success catch the early bus. Or you won't get on.

You can learn a lot about the weather from flowers. But when it is wet they shut up.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

SIXTEEN HUNDRED trees are to be planted on a new Cheshire road.

MONTVIDEO UNIVERSITY has given 1000 books on Uruguay to London University.

So far this year our foreign visitors have nearly equalled our boom year of 1930.

JUST AN IDEA

The White Queen in Alice used to try to think of six impossible things every morning before breakfast. It is a very good idea, especially if you can think of six ways of doing them.

A Tale of 20 Babies

WE always thought that if a Probationer defied a Staff Sister she would be dismissed from the hospital with ignominy; but now we know that once a rebel conquered.

She had to bath 20 babies a day. One day Sister appeared suddenly and said severely:

"Nurse, I saw you kiss that baby! You know it's against the rules."

"Sister," replied the Nurse, "it's impossible for me to bath any baby without kissing it."

They glared at one another for a minute, and then Sister said, "Well, don't let me see you."

So Nurse went on kissing her 20 babies, and not a single microbe was so ungentlemanly as to take advantage of the ancient custom.

For These Sad Times

A FRIEND of the CN who is greatly troubled as he looks round the world was telling us that he believes all that is best is crumbling. Look at what is happening abroad, he said, and at the breaking-down of organised religion at home.

Another friend of ours, looking through a book catalogue, came upon a book by a certain Dr Allestree, with the title, The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety, or an Impartial Survey of the Ruins of the Christian Religion.

He decided to buy the book. He did not know Dr Allestree, but he felt that the book was written by a man who, seeing the perils of our day, had come to the conclusion that Christianity was outworn. He took up his pen to order the book when he noticed to his astonishment that the date was not 1936, but 1694.

We commend the story of one friend to the other friend, and to all who despair. As Christianity has been such a power since Dr Allestree's day, may it not work wonders yet?

I Say Unto You

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

Jesus

It Spares No One

The only glory in life is to leave the world better for having been in it, and intoxicants will not help us to do that. Alcohol does not spare anyone.

A thousand times have I thanked God that I have kept clear of the Drink Handicap. Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

A Word From Shakespeare

Parliament's Address To the King

Never was monarch better feared and loved

Than is your Majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government. Henry the Fifth

TOO MUCH WORK

SENSATIONAL REPORT ON OUR FACTORIES

A Matter For Parliament To Look Into

LAW BEHIND THE TIMES

The Factory Report for 1935 is a truly sensational document.

The Ministry of Labour has told us that in June there were some 1,750,000 people out of work. The Home Office shows that last year, when more than 2,000,000 were unemployed, many workers, including women and children, were working excessive hours. That is a grave accusation against our industrial system. Here are some of the official reports on overwork in the Midlands, where so many trades are full of orders.

Long hours are generally worked by the least physically fit; the best workers go to the best firms, while the weak, who should be spared, get the worst conditions. Much night-work is done by youths. In one case girls over 16 worked a 60-hour week for three months continuously. In the motor-car and cycle trade most firms work a 55-hour week for 6 months and a 48-hour week for the rest of the year. A 55-hour week is usual in the light metal trades.

Legal and Illegal

These are legal cases and the law cannot touch them. There are worse cases, breaking even the present law, which lead to prosecution when they are detected; but there are so few factory inspectors in relation to workplaces that much overwork must escape notice.

It is only too clear that the law itself is out-of-date. Our factory and workshop legislation needs to be overhauled.

Now that one Continental nation has for some time successfully worked the 40-hour week, while another has just enacted it, is it not time we reduced hours and spread work over the entire population? Forty hours aided by the best machinery can give us efficient production.

A Neglected Issue

The report shows how a certain firm substituted three eight-hour shifts for two 11-hour shifts, and so employed 60 extra men, with better results. Thirty-five years have elapsed since the maximum working hours of young people were fixed. Home Secretary after Home Secretary has left the law as it was at the beginning of the century. All parties have been in power in this period, and all have neglected the issue. The present Report should stir the Government to action.

As Dr J. C. Budge, Senior Medical Inspector, points out, work has been speeded up since 1900; there are more machines, more hurry and bustle. Dr Budge has the courage to say that "the hours of employment of young persons should be substantially less than those permitted by the existing law."

Better Trade—More Deaths

Overwork causes accidents and death, and with improving trade casualties multiply. During the last two years accidents have thus increased:

ACCIDENTS DEATHS			
1934 ..	136,858 ..	785	
1935 ..	149,696 ..	843	

Turning up the old records we find that in 1903 there were 748 deaths; in 1935 nearly 100 more were killed than 33 years ago.

These figures relate to factories and workshops only. Last year, if we add to factory deaths the number of fatalities in mines, quarries, railways, docks, ships, and in building, we should reach an industrial death-roll of roundly 4000. Do we realise that those who work for us are killed at the rate of 80 a week? The factories will soon be matching the roads as battlefields.

THE PRISONER BEHIND

THE WINDOW

Transported by Bagpipes

We hope this may catch the eye of the Scots pipers who passed through Bexley Heath a little time ago and gave to an old lady of over 80 the exquisite pleasure she so well conveys in this letter.

In the middle of a quiet morning I heard bagpipes near our house. They played for a little while, and then I thought they had gone, and I was sorry, for we do not hear them often now.

Then to my surprise the silence was suddenly alive again with gay, delicious sounds, spark-like in their vivacity, so vibrant and stimulating, and moving to a rhythm that seemed to make movement irresistible. Like water spraying from a Highland spring came notes of liquid melody that mingled and pulsed with joy of life, and through them ran a bewitching air like a spirit one longed to catch but never could.

When it was over I came to myself again. Surely no mere bagpipes produced this beauty! Yes; across the road stood three Highlanders in grey tartan, each with a bagpipe with ribbons attached; and strolling about the road was a nice-looking grey-eyed boy of about 20, dressed in all the bravery of that picturesque costume. I think never in my life had I so longed amply to express my gratitude for pleasure received as I did as I wrapped up what I felt was a most inadequate appreciation of splendid effort; they must have been skilled musicians, all of them.

The Joy They Gave

The boy saw there was someone at the window. I threw, but threw badly; the paper landed in a bush. He came forward, looked about, and then smiled up inquiringly. I pointed to the bush. He looked, found it, doffed his bonnet courteously, and went over to the others and stood with his back toward our house, opening the paper; then he turned round, and they all made a courteous acknowledgment and slowly walked away.

I thought, as I saw them go, how little they could know the joy they gave. They played no more in this neighbourhood, and I wondered why. Did they feel discouraged? Had they no heart to play? I could not help recalling the touching words, "He did no more miracles in that place because of their unbelief."

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

A Hero on a Gawky Pedestal

Westerham, where General Wolfe was born, is complaining because a Belisha beacon in front of the statue to him spoils the view of it.

The statue stands on a chain-surrounded pedestal in a market square once very peaceful but now often busy with motor-coaches and other traffic. The traffic is the reason for the Belisha bubble, as Westerham's beauty and history are the reason for the traffic.

But before Westerham complains of the bubble it ought to do something about the statue's pedestal, which is a standing offence to the eye. General Wolfe, though so splendid a hero, was not a gallant figure; on the contrary, he was rather awkward. The sculptor has made the best of his appearance, but if he was responsible for the pedestal he must have given that up in despair, for anything less beautiful or more bulbous is seldom seen in England outside a stone-mason's yard. It is, we should say, the least attractive pedestal on which any hero stands in England.

Flowers at the base soften its ugliness, a gun captured in the last war looks out of place, but the general effect is certainly deplorable. The Belisha beacon is at least useful.

NO MAN'S LAND

Give It To the Children

A CRYING NEED FOR COMMON SENSE

The C.N. was delighted the other day to see that Lord Cavan, in supporting the Bishop of Winchester's appeal for playgrounds for children, to keep them off the dangers of the streets, had a very useful suggestion to make.

Playing-fields are expensive. Local authorities often said they could not afford to find them for the children. But the children of towns are quick to find playgrounds for themselves. We know one in a very residential area about a mile from Charing Cross.

Here is a big area cleared of its small houses and narrow streets for big blocks of flats. But for some reason it has remained empty for a year or more; and at every convenient or inconvenient opportunity small packs of children swarm on it from the poor neighbourhood by its side to play merrily among the planks and bricks. They play till they are chased off by the returning watchman, who must do his unpleasant duty.

Morecambe's Example

This is a plot of land left empty by chance; but, as Lord Cavan says, it ought to be possible to set apart for children's games parts of slum areas which had been cleared till they were built upon again. In almost every town there are small corners which could be adapted cheaply for the purpose.

Morecambe has just turned one of these waste spaces into a lordly pleasure ground, and Rochdale improved itself enormously years ago by refashioning the centre of the town. Such work can easily be done.

Town children do not want much space. The small people who play cricket or rounders about the lamp-posts of narrow streets can make a little playground go a long way.

Near the C.N. office is one of these scraps of waste ground. It is in Dorset Street near St Bride's Church. Here, a stone's throw from Fleet Street, a plot of ground about a thousand yards square has lain derelict behind a hoarding for as long as we can remember. The dead hand appears to be laid upon it at the expense of the living.

An Opportunity in Whitefriars

It cannot be built on because it was once part of a burial-ground of Bridewell Prison, and, after long litigation about its ownership, the powers that be decided that no building must be erected upon it.

They were doubtless right; but for that very reason it is highly desirable that there should be a clearance of its rubbish. A few pounds spent on turf or grass seed, and its forbidding-looking gate opened to let in scores of eager children of Whitefriars and the ancient Alsatia to play, and what a heaven would be here for them!

Yesterday it was a graveyard.

Today it is a No Man's Land.

Tomorrow, if only Lord Wakefield or some other magician could look at it, it might be a little Garden for the Poor or a playground for the children.

A MEDAL FOR TABU

A Papuan named Tabu has been awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving several pearl-divers from drowning in the Torres Strait.

He was working with the pearl-divers when wind wrecked many of the boats, and but for Tabu few, if any, would have been saved. But he was a strong swimmer and was able to share his strength among them; and though they were in the water for 31 hours and had had no food for three days, when they touched land Tabu was still brave and strong enough to walk 15 miles to bring help to the others.

PEACE BY GETTING

TOGETHER

An American's Way of Looking at It

WHY NOT HAVE WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS?

That clever American Mr Edward Price Bell writes from Missouri to plead for peace by cooperation and to point out that the rulers of Western Europe have declared against war.

Mr Baldwin in Parliament recently appealed for common effort and remarked that Herr Hitler had told the world he wished for peace. To this Mr Bell adds what he was told personally by Herr Hitler a few months ago.

"Nobody in this Germany (said Hitler) wants war; and I say further, nobody here will ever take any step to cause war."

The Fuhrer went on to affirm his belief that Franco-German relations could be adjusted "permanently and peacefully"; that the new Germany was ready to return to Geneva if the principle of true equality were made "bed-rock in the League"; and that "a good understanding between America, Britain, and Germany, with nothing whatever exclusive about it, would constitute a moral fact decisive for the peace of the world."

France and Germany

As for France, M. Flandin and M. Laval, when Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, declared not only that peace was their aim but that they were confident it would be achieved, expressing particularly the view that Franco-German relations finally would be fixed satisfactorily to both countries without bloodshed. The present French Government may confidently be said to hold the same opinion.

As to Italy, Mussolini has declared, "I will not break the peace of Europe, the peace of civilisation," adding, "another war and there will be no future day for Europe, only a long night."

So, declares Mr Bell, the way is seemingly clear to a realisation of Mr Baldwin's ideal of British, French, and German cooperation toward the peace of civilisation, with Italy ready to join in. America, he concludes, is daily more convinced of the monumental folly of seeking peace at the point of the bayonet.

We reprint these views because it is interesting and valuable to bear them in mind. We may all hope we can believe in the sincerity of those who utter them, and that Mr Bell's own country will not be far behind when the time comes for acting on them.

LAXEY WHEEL HAS STOPPED

Something must be done about the Laxeley Wheel. The people of Laxeley want it to work again.

It is not as famous as it used to be, and many bright young people could not say where it was. But our grandfathers knew it well, and could at once say that it was in the Isle of Man, and was one of the engineering wonders of the 19th century, which found a place in all the illustrated books.

It is a huge wheel, as tall as the one that used to be in the old Earl's Court Exhibition grounds or the other Great Wheel at Blackpool; but it served quite another purpose than that of lifting visitors above the madding crowd. It pumped the Laxeley lead mines. A pumping house was connected with it, and a tower with an outside spiral staircase led to a gallery above its topmost rim.

Now the Laxeley lead mines are worked no more, and the wheel has ceased to pump. Motionless, it has no longer the attraction to visitors that it had in olden days.

MISSIONARY SHIP NUMBER ONE

THE VOYAGE OF THE DUFF

A Challenge in the Thames
140 Years Ago

TAKING THE GOSPEL TO TAHITI

On an August morning 140 years ago a little ship of 267 tons sailed down the Thames from Blackwall to Gravesend.

The Duff, which flew at the mast-head a purple flag inscribed with the dove of peace, had been bought by the newly-formed London Missionary Society to carry the first missionaries to the South Sea Islands.

All Britain was interested in the South Seas owing to the discoveries of Captain Cook, and the founders of the new society wished to send the Gospel to the islands. They called for volunteers to undertake the long voyage and the still more adventurous job of living among a savage people; and an extraordinary cargo of people went out with the Duff.

A Man of Many Adventures

There were a shoemaker, a harness-maker, a bricklayer, a surgeon, a cotton-weaver, a carpenter, a hatter, a tailor, a gardener, and five ministers, thirty in all, with wives and children in addition. Off Gravesend on the evening of August 10, 1796, a man-o'-war's look-out shouted to the Duff, "What cargo, and whither bound?" From the Duff's deck came the reply, "Missionaries and provisions for Tahiti." The man-o'-war captain could hardly believe his ears, so he sent out a midshipman to examine the strange ship.

The most remarkable man on board the Duff was her captain, James Wilson. He had run away to sea as a boy, was present at the Battle of Bunker Hill in America, was an officer in a great East Indiaman, and had spent three years as a prisoner in the Black Hole of Seringapatam. Coming home, he lived at Horndean, and, listening one evening to a sermon, had his heart turned toward God, when he immediately volunteered to be the captain of the first missionary ship.

The Duff was a good sailer and Wilson headed her across the Atlantic to Cape Horn. There for a fortnight the little ship battled in a gale, and at last Wilson had to turn round and go halfway across the world by the Cape of Good Hope to reach Tahiti. It added 7000 miles to his voyage, and for 97 days no other sail was seen.

A Heroic Struggle

The missionaries were landed on Tahiti and other South Sea islands, and then followed a heroic struggle against loneliness and despair. Some gave up hope and deserted to Australia, but a little group led by Henry Nott, the inspired bricklayer, held on and gradually won Tahiti to Christianity. Nott translated the Bible and paved the way for the coming of the great apostle John Williams.

London was very interested in the Duff when she arrived home again in July 1798, and one publisher paid £2000 for her story. Sailing again with another cargo of missionaries, she was captured by a French privateer and disappeared up the Plate River in South America. But her flag of peace and goodwill is carried today in the South Seas by her direct descendant, the children's missionary ship John Williams V.

Peter Puck acknowledges from a Welsh reader at Llanvinda eight shillingsworth of Queen Victoria's Penny Buns—the Bun Pennies he is collecting for King's College Hospital. He will gladly hand them over.

A 1 AT LLOYD'S

Changes 22 Years Have
Brought

GERMANY IS RAPIDLY RECOVERING HER STRENGTH AT SEA

Lloyd's Register of Shipping was first opened 103 years ago, and splendid have been its records of all the world's ships.

Lloyd's is the world's chief shipping registry, and when Lloyd's surveyors pass a ship as A 1 she bears the hall-mark of shipping. When A 1 at Lloyd's was first used it denoted the finest type of wooden vessel, and the steamship was in its infancy; now it applies equally to the motor-ships that threaten to make the steamer obsolete.

Still the chief maritime nation, Great Britain no longer has her old lead. Here is the sea change wrought in 22 years. In 1914 we owned nearly 18,900,000 gross tons in a world total of 45,400,000; now we own 17,000,000 gross tons in a world total of 64,000,000. The British loss has occurred since 1925, when we owned 19,300,000 tons.

British Ships Built in Germany

Every other country in the world, save only Germany (who lost her ships by the war), has made progress at British expense, and Germany is rapidly recovering her maritime strength; since 1925 she has added 700,000 tons.

Those who deplored the British loss of shipping, which means so much to us, were urgent for the building of the Queen Mary. There is now a distinct revival in British shipbuilding.

It is surprising to learn that German shipyards have orders from British owners. Motor-ships, oil tankers, and fishing vessels are being built for British companies at Hamburg, Bremen, and other places. Germany is also building for other nations. Before the war Germany was the second maritime Power, but now she is led by America.

Year by year coal has less importance at sea. In 1914 under 90 out of every 100 ships used coal as fuel; in 1936 only 49 in each 100 ships are coal-driven. For Britain this means much less coal used in our own ships, much less coal sold for use in foreign ships, naval and maritime dependence on sea-borne oil, a danger in war.

The Progress of the Turbine

The oil-driven ship is cleaner, more easily worked, more efficient, while the space once needed for coal takes cargo.

The progress of the turbine (the engine which propels by steam blowing on curved blades fixed to the propeller shaft) and the motor-ship (fitted with internal combustion engines as with a motor-car on land) is very remarkable. In 1914 there were only 730,000 tons of shipping with turbines; there are now 11,300,000 such tons. In 1914 there were only 220,000 tons of motor-ships; there are now 12,300,000 such tons.

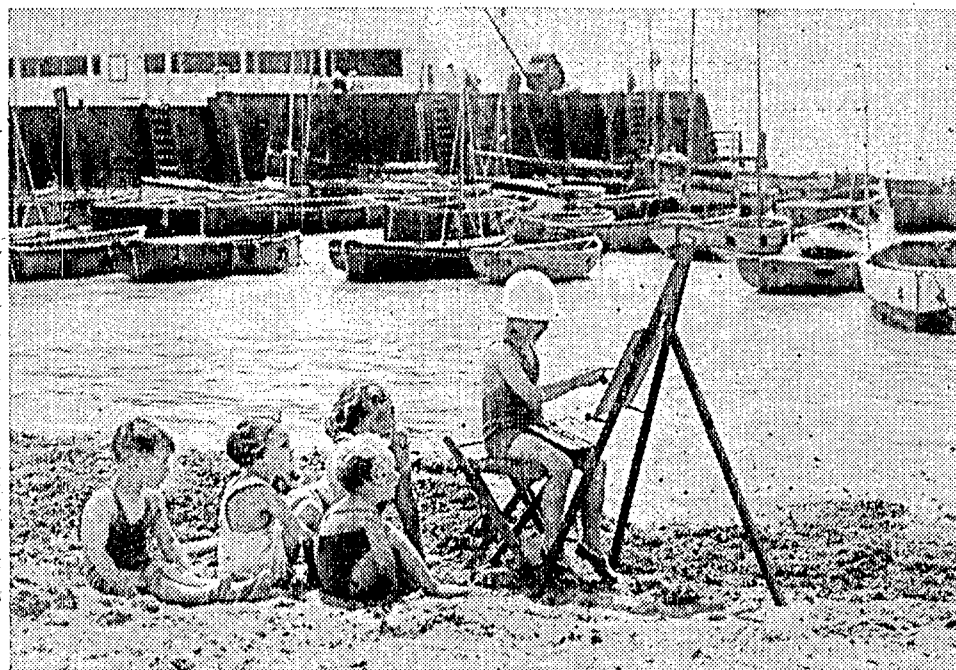
So the greatest factors of the material world change out of all knowledge in a few short years; it is a just criticism that our islanders, in their sea-girt Britain, are not sufficiently aware of the world at large.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by Gainsborough . . .	£1701
Portrait by J. van Cleve . . .	£840
Greek marble figure, 5th cent B.C. . .	£750
Italian school medal . . .	£640
Chippendale commode . . .	£462
Chinese figure of Ming Dynasty . . .	£378
A George II armchair . . .	£315
Pair Chi'en Lung candlesticks . . .	£184
Alfonso V portrait plaque . . .	£135
20 rolls of Chinese wallpaper . . .	£121

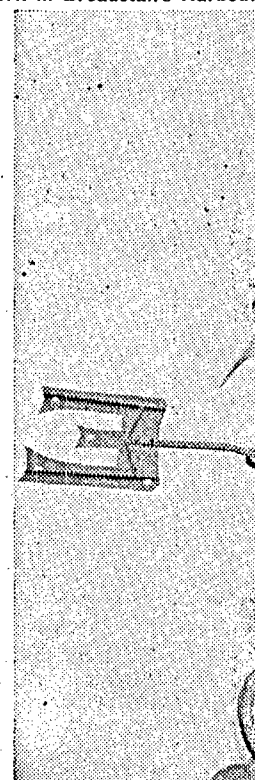
Holding Up a Train • Sky G



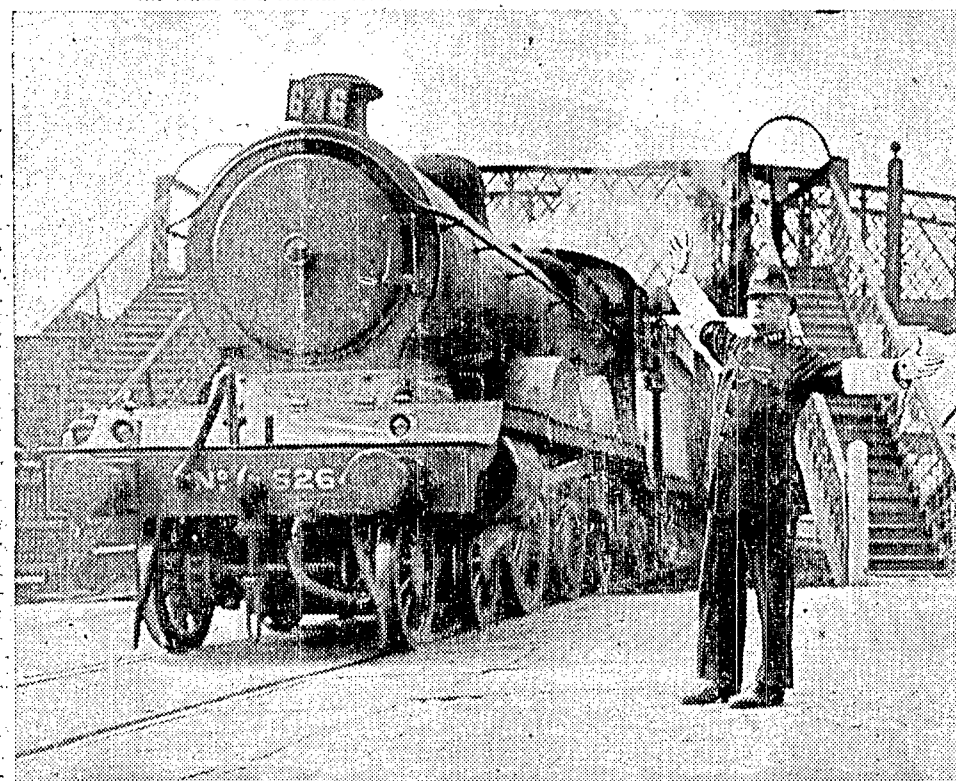
Admiration—Young holidaymakers watching a youthful artist at work in Broadstairs Harbour.



Student Excavators—University students uncovering the walls of a Roman fortress at Caerleon.



A Dizzy Perch—Reg the clock tower.



Traffic Control—Holding up a train to allow traffic to pass over the level-crossing at Grimsby Dock Sta.

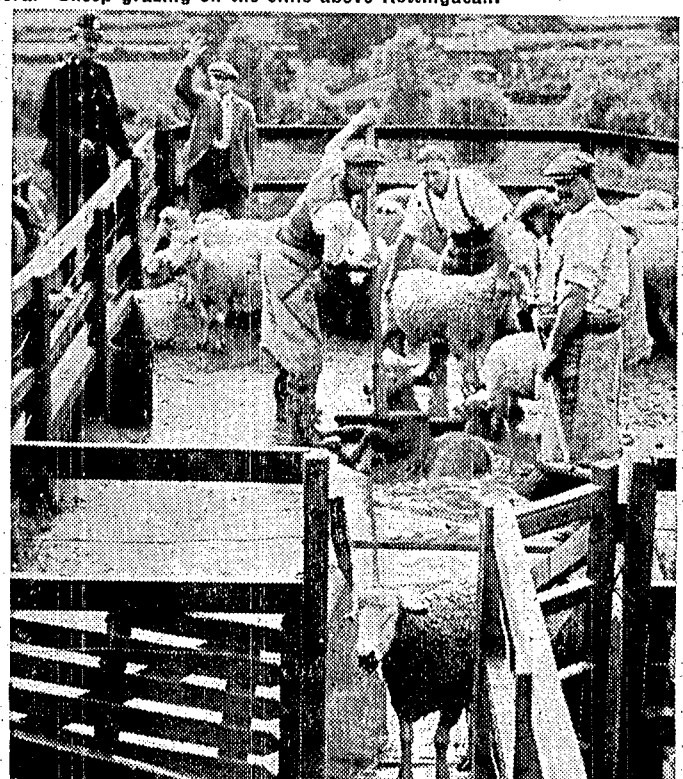
nts • Excavating a Roman Fort



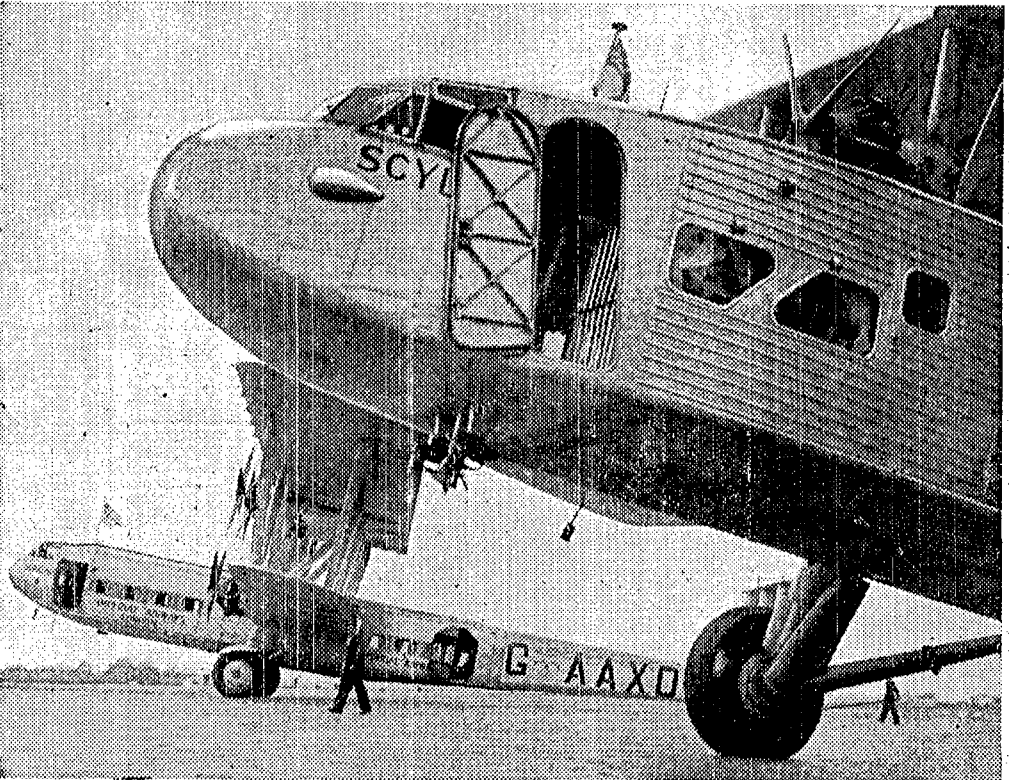
A Sussex Pastoral—Sheep grazing on the cliffs above Rottingdean.



g the weather-vane above King's Cross Station.



Protecting the Sheep—Dipping operations on a farm near Newton Abbot in Devon.



Sky Giants—Seylla and Horatius, two giants of the Imperial Airways fleet, before taking off at Croydon.

THE SEVEN MEN OF ADLINGTON

Now There Are Five BUT THE GREAT ADVENTURE PROSPERS

Readers who remember our story of the Seven Men of Adlington (especially the reader who sent them £5 for holidays) will be glad to hear of the continued success of their brave venture.

It is three years since these seven unemployed Lancashire miners pooled their savings, borrowed £150 from the British Legion, and bought the Duxbury pit in their closed-down colliery.

One of the original seven, we are sorry to say, has died and one has withdrawn; but the other five carry on, and now they are employing 33 other miners who would be unemployed but for them. Though in summer they cannot keep them all fully at work, they arrange that those who have other workers at home should draw their unemployment insurance, while the rest are kept on full time; and they all get at least £3 a week.

Miners Manage Their Own Pit

They are now of necessity included in Lancashire Associated Collieries, and an auditor recently told them that shareholders in the big concerns would indeed be glad if they were in as good a position as these Adlington miners, who are shareholders, workers, and managers of their own pit, with a very capable secretary to help them.

It is from the Vicar of Adlington, Canon W. R. Coombs, that we receive the latest news of this great adventure, and he it is who tells us of the C.N. reader in the South who sent these men £5 for holidays. In their letter thanking her the miners said that if only she had lived a little nearer they would have liked to send her coal in exchange for her welcome gift, but we know that our reader would not wish it so; it is one more example of the fact that the world is full of kindness in spite of those who would fill it with fear.

How 1s 9d BECAME A GUINEA

A British firm writes to the papers to express indignation and astonishment that when they imported from America, for experimental purposes, a single pound of a new compound to test its properties they were presented with a bill for 19s 4d, although the cost of the sample was only 1s 9d. Cost and charges thus amounted to over a guinea! This was made up thus:

Cost of sample	1s 9d
Charges: duty deposit 1s; Customs entry 5s; dock and town dues 1d; cartage scale 9d; master portage 1s; attendance at ship and agency 2s 6d; quay rent and watching 9s	19s 4d
	21s 1d

It is not realised by people who are not importers what a complicated, business importing becomes when a Protectionist system is adopted. As the imports of one nation are the exports of others it is a wonder that trade survives at all.

HOLIDAY MILK

Glasgow has been making a successful experiment by opening milk-bars for children during the school holidays, so that they do not miss their school supplies.

The bars sell milk for a halfpenny to children under six as well as to those who receive cheap milk in school time. About 9000 a day are buying the milk, which comes from herds guaranteed free from tuberculosis. "Surplus milk" will soon be unknown if such happy experiments multiply.

ONCE SHE WAS QUEEN

LOBENGULA'S WIDOW

The Story That Began With Luke 14, 31

A DARK BIT OF OUR HISTORY

It seems so long since Cecil Rhodes was building up Rhodesia and in the process overpowering Lobengula, the last King of the Matabele, that it comes as a surprise to learn that one of Lobengula's chief wives is still alive and has lately attended a native missionary conference at Bulawayo where she was once a queen.

Over 40 years ago Queen Macebose had at her command whole regiments of plumed warriors. Today, with a middle-aged daughter, she lives on a small pension from the Rhodesian Government, and is mainly interested in the spread of Christianity among these Bantu people who were once her husband's subjects.

A Link With Dr Jameson

It was to Queen Macebose's father, Gungunyana, that Dr Jameson journeyed through forests and swamps to secure a concession in Gazaland which would give Southern Rhodesia a seaboard. He got the concession, but Portugal got the seaboard, and Gungunyana's land we now know as Portuguese East Africa.

We do not know if Queen Macebose remembers Dr Jameson, but he once attended her husband when he was ill, and it was his influence that made Lobengula sign the mineral concession which brought a British chartered company into Matabeleland and laid the foundations of Rhodesia.

Many of the company's early pioneers settled in the more peaceful Mashonaland. But the Matabele raided Mashonaland, and our peace with Lobengula and his raiding warriors turned to war.

Rhodes, hearing that Dr Jameson intended to lead a force against Lobengula, sent the famous telegram, "Luke 14, 31," and turning up his Bible Dr Jameson read: "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand."

No Surrender

"All right. I have read Luke 14, 31," Jameson telegraphed back to Rhodes, and led his men on toward Bulawayo, Lobengula's headquarters. The cost was ghastly on both sides. The fearless Bantu warriors were mown down by machine-guns, and among our losses a major with 34 troopers trying to check Lobengula's flight to induce him to surrender were cut off and all killed except for three messengers. Two months later, in January 1894, news came that Lobengula had died of fever. He never surrendered, but his people and his land passed under the oppressive rule of the British company, and soon after their territory received officially the name of Rhodesia.

It is on a dark bit of our history that the curtain is drawn back by the wrinkled hand of this old queen attending the missionary conference at Bulawayo.

AFTER 400 YEARS

Treasurer of York Minster

The Dean and Chapter of York Minster have just revived an ecclesiastical office which had been in abeyance since 1547.

It is that of Minster Treasurer, whose official residence was the beautiful Treasurer's House, which still exists under the care of the Office of Works. The clergyman who has been elected to fill this ancient office is the Canon Residentiary, Archdeacon England.

THE PERSEID METEORS ARE COMING

When and Where To Look For Them

ARE WORLDS MADE OF SHOOTING STARS?

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Perseid Meteors are expected to light up the heavens with their fleeting brilliance about the middle of next week. The nights of August 11 and 12 are the most likely to reward observers with a display.

The Moon being absent possibly a dozen or more meteors an hour may be seen if the sky be dark and clear. They should be looked for rather low in the north-east sky after about 10 o'clock, the region from which they appear to radiate being in the constellation of Perseus, as indicated on the star-map.

This area becomes higher toward the east as midnight approaches. The best time to observe is between 3 and 4 o'clock, when Perseus is nearly overhead and we are placed more directly under the meteors by the Earth's rotation.

Perseid meteors as a rule vary in size from that of marbles to grains of sand, with rarely a larger specimen which may equal in size the dome of St Paul's Cathedral.

These Perseids come some 4500 millions of miles from far beyond the orbit of Neptune and most of that of Pluto. We only see those that happen to enter the Earth's atmosphere because they then begin to get hot from the friction caused by their speed of about 30 miles a second through the upper air.

They become white-hot by the time they are between 70 and 80 miles above the Earth; then, after a second or so, they vanish in vapour and dust when between 40 and 50 miles above us. Larger specimens remain visible for a longer period, travel farther, and may attain the apparent brilliance of Jupiter or even Venus, but these are infrequent.

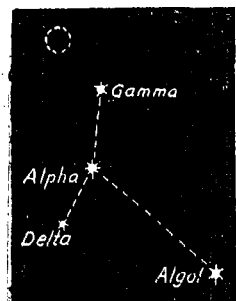
Still more rarely a meteor may be large enough to reach the ground before being burned up. These are found from time to time, and prove to be heavy masses chiefly composed of iron and nickel or meteoric iron, with small quantities of many other elements which survived the combustion and with all of which we are familiar on Earth. Another variety of meteorites are chiefly stony and probably from a different source.

Twenty Millions a Day

Thus the interesting fact is revealed that our world is constantly being added to, for though each individual meteor is as a rule exceedingly small, expert calculation places the average fall at about 20 millions a day. Unlike the rain which is raised as vapour and falls back again this continuous rain of meteoric matter must in time make some difference to our world's size and weight; and this, relative to the Sun, will affect both the Earth's path and its eventual security.

Fortunately the total quantity of meteoric deposit, even though it may amount to 100 tons a day, would take 1000 million years to cover the Earth with a layer an inch thick. It is probable, however, that long ages ago the amount deposited was much greater than now. We thus see how Sir Norman Lockyer's famous Meteoritic Hypothesis of the growth of the Solar System came about.

G. F. M.



The chief stars of Perseus, the broken circle indicating whence the meteors radiate

SILVER LINING TO A CLOUD

Work For 5000 Artists
THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY FOR A GOVERNMENT

The old saying that every cloud has a silver lining is at least true of the economic cloud for over 5000 artists in America.

Rather than pay unemployed men for doing nothing the United States Government has said to its people, "Do what you can to make this a better country and you shall be paid for the work you do."

This policy has set thousands of starving artists to work throughout the length and breadth of the land making the walls of post offices, public libraries, and schools bright with their paintings and providing public buildings and parks with statues.

Recently 68 of these artists whose work had shown exceptional merit exhibited in Washington. The public was astonished at the excellence of their work, and probably the majority of this group will never sink to obscurity again.

The names of some of the exhibitors tell their own story. Michale Siporin, from Poland, was saved as a child from pernicious anaemia by Jane Addams, the great Settlement worker; Raymond Brennin was driven from Russia by famine; Concetta Scaravaglione the sculptor and Yasuo Kuniyoshi the print-maker come from opposite sides of the world; Red Robin, the Zuni Indian who "paints" his pictures in coloured sands, is the one real American of them all.

The Government's programme has given all these men the thing they most needed, Opportunity.

RYHMES FOR LOUITS

A City and Its Streets

What is a litterette? It is the invention of some young Australians belonging to the Junior Red Cross Society of Adelaide who have started a Tidiness campaign.

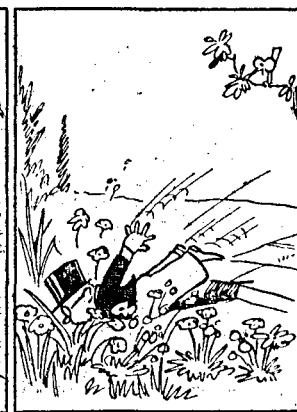
As rhymes are easily remembered, they held a competition for the best verses, or litterettes, on a subject which is causing growing indignation in nearly every country. Here are the two prize-winning verses:

*'Tis sweet to eat,
But oh, how bitter
To eat our sweets
And leave the litter.*

*The public indignation
Needs little explanation,
For Litter is the word one daily hears;
So let this generation
Make street or green plantation
A fitting tribute to our pioneers.*

A prize is also offered for the best suggestion for an anti-litter tableau in a Red Cross Pageant procession through the streets of Adelaide.

A Few Words From Theophilus



A PRIME MINISTER'S PEACOCKS

Hughenden's Memorial
To King George

At a cost of £11,500 High Wycombe has bought Hughenden Park as a memorial of King George.

The land formed part of the manor which was the last home of Lord Beaconsfield, and will now become a public park.

The house in which the famous Conservative Prime Minister lived is not part of the transfer, but remains in the possession of his heir. It was the scene of much hospitality in Disraeli's time, and many were his distinguished visitors, of both political parties.

But even a Prime Minister in his home did not always feel himself secure against violent intrusion. When Sir William Harcourt and a friend went down for a week-end with their great political adversary they were a little awed to be told by him that, although Lady Beaconsfield had left her diamonds in London, he had thought it necessary to arm all the servants with revolvers as a defence against burglars, who had for some time been active in the neighbourhood.

Burglars did not, after all, trouble him, but apparently a poacher did. Lady Beaconsfield delighted in peacocks, and the grounds now thrown open were stocked with them in those days. One fine bird vanished, whether to adorn a rival park or to be put in a pie was never known, but the loss was deemed so serious that a guardian was appointed to safeguard the rest of the birds.

He was a tiny wide-mouthed boy called the peacock-herd. Equipped with a portable wooden seat, it was his duty from sunrise to sunset to parade the park, warding the gay birds. He kept his guard in front of the house, ever on the look-out for intruders.

BEFORE YOU GO ON YOUR HOLIDAY

Those with holidays yet to come have their heads full of delightful plans.

"We'll do this and we'll go there," they think; "that will be fun." And then someone usually adds: "Oh, and we mustn't forget the camera—the passports—to arrange for someone to look after the cat," or whatever else seems necessary before everything is ready for a good holiday.

May we remind you happy holiday-makers of something else you may have forgotten? Have none of you given a thought to the children who can look forward to no happy holidays, the children whose days and nights are spent in dreary streets and crowded, stuffy rooms?

For those who meant to make a child happy and forgot, let us recall that 15s sent to the Secretary, Children's House, Eagle Road, Bow, London, E 3, will give a slum child all the joys of camping in the country for one week.

REJOICING IN THE RHINELAND

A Windfall For Oberfell
52 FAMILIES RECEIVE SMALL FORTUNES

The lost relative who dies and leaves his family a fortune is not merely a character in fiction, as 52 families in the Rhineland village of Oberfell on the River Moselle can testify, for they have lately heard that a fortune of £480,000 from just such a relative is to be divided among them.

Luckily for them Johann Schunk of Oberfell managed to hide from Napoleon's recruiting officers over a century ago, otherwise the retreat from Moscow might have been the end of him.

Instead he was able to work his way to America in a cargo boat in 1812, there to become an officer in the British Colonial service. He lived thriftily and was a rich man when he died, leaving his fortune to his only daughter. She lived right through the century and died unmarried a short time before war again made Europe a battlefield. The search for Johann Schunk's German heirs was interrupted by the war, and as the years passed the money increased to £480,000.

Now at last 52 families still living in Oberfell have proved their claims to be the heirs and are to receive over £9000 each. We can well imagine the rejoicings in Johann Schunk's old village.

WOE TO THE JERRY BUILDER

He is in the Oldest Laws in the World

According to statements just made in Parliament, among the three million houses built since the war are not a few raised by rascally jerry builders, houses which begin to collapse long before the purchasers have discharged the sums due in payment for them.

We know of houses where the ceilings have fallen in after a year, and of houses built in the country near London with a four-and-a-half-inch outside wall: a perfect scandal.

The jerry builder is not new. He can be traced in many lands in many ages. He was so well-recognised a parasite on honest commercial relations in ancient days that in the oldest code of laws in the world, Hammurabi's, drawn up more than 40 centuries ago, there he is, with his misdeeds foreseen, and with punishments to fit his misdoings.

If a house made by a jerry builder fell and destroyed the owner's property the builder had to make the property good; if a wall collapsed he had to rebuild it free of cost; if it had defects of any kind he was compelled to make these good.

If the fall of a jerry-built house killed the owner the builder was slain. If the owner's child was killed the builder's child was put to death.

In a Flower Bed



THE MOST AMAZING BRIDGES IN THE WORLD

NEXT year the people of San Francisco will be going to and fro across two bridges which must stand among the supreme engineering triumphs of the modern world.

Even New York, world-famous for its bridges, will think with amazement of the new masterpieces which are rapidly changing the very aspect of the fine city on the coast of the Pacific.

The city actually turns its back on the ocean, standing on a peninsula and fronting a magnificent land-locked bay five miles broad and 50 miles long. The Pacific sweeps into this bay through a strait, some five miles long and one mile wide, which separates the town from Marin County to the north. This strait is the famous Golden Gate. Across the bay lie Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda with 400,000 people, nearly two-thirds the number in San Francisco itself. Communication between these great suburbs and San Francisco is at present almost entirely by ferries across the bay, for the railway round the bay by way of San José is nearly 100 miles long. One of the new bridges, therefore, will save two hours of the journey by road or rail between San Francisco and the three towns. The other will span the Golden Gate and link San Francisco with the highways of the north.

A Span of Over Eight Miles

Both bridges are stupendous feats of engineering, but the Bay Bridge is the more important. This begins by spanning the widest body of navigable water ever spanned, then crosses an island whose rocky heights are tunnelled for its double-deck track to twice the normal depth, and then spans another navigable channel before it slopes gently down to the shores of Oakland.

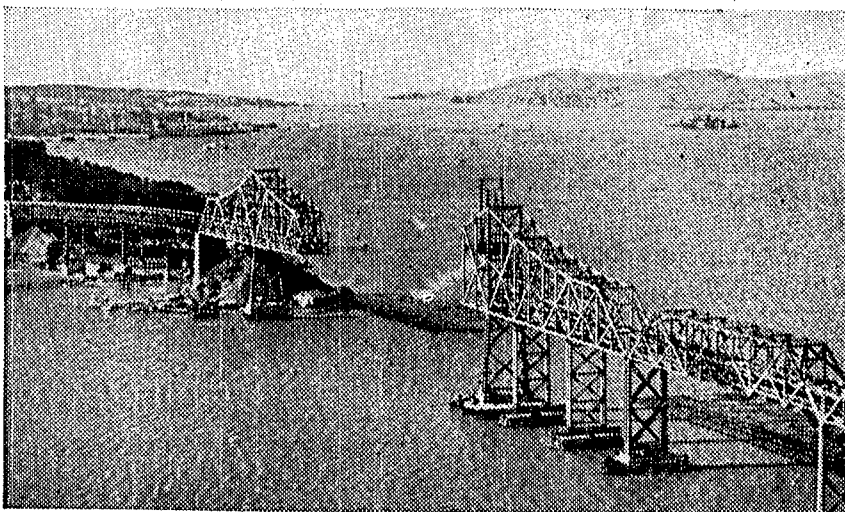
Its total length over land and sea is 8½ miles, and several types of construction are to be found in it, while from shore to shore it is a double-decker—that is to say it will have a lower level for three lanes of motor-lorries and two tracks on which electric trains will run, and an upper level wide enough for six motor-cars to run abreast and for two pathways each ten feet wide. Twin suspension spans of 2310 feet each are the dominating features of the West Crossing, as the section from San Francisco to the rocky island of Yerba Buena in the middle of the bay is called. These spans are each linked by a 1160-foot span to a central steel and concrete tower which rises to a height of about 200 feet above the surface of the water and rests on a mass of concrete which extends 235 feet beneath and is anchored into solid rock. In effect this is an artificial island of nearly half an acre.

Colossal Cables

Masses of concrete anchor the cables which support this suspension bridge at the shore ends, 68,000 cubic yards for each cable; and they will need it, as the pull on each is estimated at 37 million pounds. These cables have a diameter of 28 inches and weigh 1750 pounds a foot, for in each cable there are 17,464 parallel wires, each adjusted so that it will bear its exact proportion of the weight of the bridge. So vital is the exact adjustment of these wires in the building-up of the cable on the bridge itself that work is stopped during the six hottest hours of the day lest the wires should be expanded by the heat.

Almost immediately the double tracks reach the island they plunge into a tunnel 60 feet high, to emerge some 200 yards beyond on to a simple trestle bridge which leads to a huge cantilever span of 1400 feet, a length only surpassed in the bridges over the Firth of Forth and the St Lawrence. So high above the water is the lower deck of the bridge that only one or two liners have masts so tall that they could not pass under it.

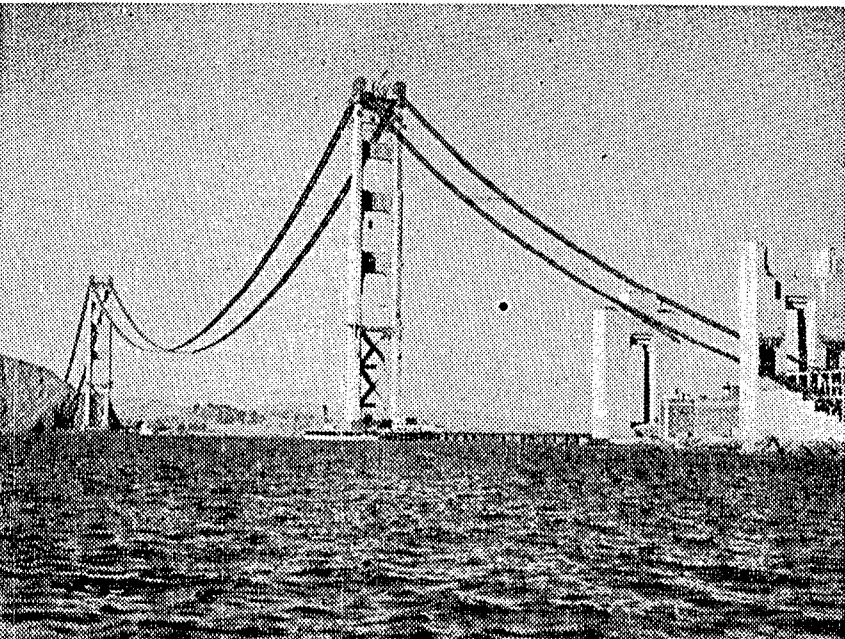
Beyond the cantilever come five truss spans of 500 feet each, and then without



In the foreground is a section of the bridge connecting San Francisco with Oakland Bay. In the far distance is the Golden Gate Bridge.



Two spans of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. A tunnel runs through the island.



The Golden Gate Bridge in course of construction.

any superstructure the bridge slopes down to the shore. But its underwater supports proved almost as difficult to build as those of the suspension bridge.

A huge concrete mole was erected on wooden piles, and to construct it the biggest caisson ever made was first put together. Measuring 197 by 97 feet, this caisson contained 55 wells through which mud was dredged from the seabed while the steel caisson sank lower and lower. Then the dredged area was filled with concrete, into which the piers of the bridge were anchored.

Huge Warning Bells

There is so much shipping in the bay that huge bronze bells were hung on the piers to sound warning notes which can be heard a mile away.

This bridge will have cost £15,440,000 when completed, but it is estimated that it will be used by 24 million motors and 50 million train passengers a year, so that the tolls will pay for it within 20 years.

Let us now go seaward and compare the Golden Gate Bridge with that across the bay. A suspension bridge, it is more graceful; which is all to the good, because it will join together two stretches of coast of surpassing beauty, and at evening will act as the foreground to some of the most lovely sunsets of which America can boast.

We might say that this bridge is man's challenge to the Pacific itself as it sweeps with mighty waves through the five miles of the Gate into the bay. Man has raised a steel tower 746 feet above it, and at its summit will light a beacon visible from a ship 35 miles away. A span of 4200 feet, by far the longest in the world, is being flung across the Gate, one of its towers planted on Marin County, but the other rising from the sea-bed. Between this tower and the San Franciscan headland is what engineers call the anchor span, stretching across 1200 feet of water. In all the Golden Gate Bridge is 9200 feet long, 900 feet longer than the Forth Bridge.

Six lanes of traffic and two pathways of ten feet will occupy its wide single deck, under which the Normandie, with her 193-foot mast, can steam with seven feet to spare.

The Spirit of California

Perhaps the most difficult task in the erection of this bridge was the laying down of the 100-foot-deep base for the water-girt tower. Not only had the waves to be met and mastered, but also a tide running over seven miles an hour. A giant fender 250 yards round had to be built before the caisson itself could be placed into position.

The setting of the cables over the towers was even more exacting than in the suspension bridge over the bay, and admits of no serious error, because the forces of Nature are always at work on a bridge. Heat and cold will be regularly raising and lowering the big span ten feet a day, while the wind will blow it to one side. The central span will be safe even in a wind of 90 miles an hour, and no harm will come even if it is pushed 20 feet out of the straight. Each huge cable weighs as much as a battleship and is strong enough to support in mid-air a ship as heavy as the Queen Mary. The 27,572 separate wires which are squeezed and bound together every three feet to form the cable would reach more than three times round the Earth if placed end to end.

The cost of the Golden Gate Bridge will be £6,700,000, which will be repaid by tolls in 35 years, so that altogether over a hundred million dollars have been found by State, City, and individuals in these years of scarcity. The schemes and the vigour with which they are being carried to completion night and day show forcibly that California, a State only 90 summers old, is resolved not only to maintain but to increase her great reputation for progress and for overcoming difficulties.

THE TABLOID PHYSICIAN

Wellcome Everywhere

A LITTLE-KNOWN MUSEUM IN LONDON

Sir Henry Wellcome was, Burroughs and Wellcome to all the world. There must be few who have not found a place for his tabloids.

Behind the making of those tabloids, which seem to offer help in every human ill, lies a story of such abounding business energy that Sir Henry Wellcome's remarkable services to science might be overlooked.

Sir Henry was the first to standardise with complete accuracy the medical preparations he sold so that either the doctor or the man in the street, who likes to buy his medicines from the nearest chemist, knew just what he was getting. He made the tabloid popular.

Services To Medical Science

But that was only a small part of his real services to medical science. As a young man he had studied medical preparations, and when he was making a fortune through his business he continually put large portions of it at the service of research.

In Khartoum, after it had been liberated from the tyranny of the Mahdi and become a civilised town of the Sudan, he established the first Research Laboratories for Tropical Diseases at the Gordon Memorial College. These large-scale laboratories under the direction of Sir Andrew Balfour produced a mass of information about the tropical diseases surveyed on the spot of the highest and most lasting value.

These research laboratories were part of several associated more closely with his business, like the research laboratory at Beckenham which has helped to investigate the viruses of disease, the Entomological Field Laboratory at Esher, or the Research Institution in Euston Road which links up the work of the others.

Joined to the Institution in the Euston Road is one of the most interesting and least visited of all London's museums, the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, which tells through its collections the story of the science of healing in all countries at all times.

Lister's Ward Reconstructed

It has a collection of relics of Jenner, the founder of vaccination, and of Lister, the father of modern clean surgery. A portion of the original Lister Ward where Lister practised at the Glasgow Infirmary has been reconstructed and fitted up here.

In these rooms is told the tale of surgery and medicine from the days of savage medicine men and of amulets and talismans to modern times.

The methods of the old alchemists are shown in one room, the microscopes, the ophthalmoscope, the acoustic instruments in another; and the collections are supplemented with many portraits and manuscripts. They will always be associated with the name and memory of Sir Henry Wellcome, who in his long life of 82 years made his own notable contribution to the art and science of medicine.

1 2 3

787,958 books were issued by Cheshire's libraries last year.

6,766,445 is the total population of Australia, which shows a steady increase since 1933.

4639,726,000 bushels of wheat is the world's current production.

£53,000,000 is being spent by the French Government until December on public works.

£400,000,000 in sales is expected this year by the Cooperative Wholesale Society.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

Aug. 9, Britain ceded Heligoland to Germany 1890
10. Greenwich Observatory founded . . . 1675
11. Cardinal Newman died at Edgbaston . . . 1890
12. William Blake, poet-artist, died in London 1827
13. Sir John Millais died in London . . . 1896
14. Henry Francis Cary, trans. of Dante, died 1844
15. Napoleon born at Ajaccio . . . 1769

Poet and Artist

William Blake, a lovely poet and weird yet impressive painter, who thought himself a kind of prophet and was an undoubted man of genius, but a bit mad, has puzzled everybody who tried to understand him. His is a lovable character, but tantalising.

His father was a London hosier, and the boy became an engraver. He had visions all his life, and tried to interpret them in paintings. His best poetry was written when he was young. It is



William Blake paints his wife's portrait as he lies dying

often about childhood, and is beautiful in its simplicity.

Later he wrote obscurely and painted in the same way. He was a dear, simple, unselfish fellow, and always poor, though he worked hard at his fancies. He put his heart into these lines:

*I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.*

PUSHFUL PASSENGERS

Speeding the Parting Guest

Passengers on the Underground between Hammersmith and the City can now release themselves by pressing a large red button.

Instead of tugging at the door handle of the car, taking now one hand and now two as the occasion may call for, all he or she need do is to press the push-button by the doors and they will open by themselves.

They open wide, instead of halfway as they are sometimes apt to do when a lady carrying a handbag in one hand wrestles with the handle with another. The guard closes them automatically.

If the experiment is found to work well other Underground trains will be equipped with the red buttons, and London will lead the way with a new generation of pushful passengers.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

A MONEY-ORDER To A DOG

Why Not a Paw-Print?

Bart Long, a youth of Highland Park, Illinois, has lately found himself in an embarrassing predicament.

Together with his dog Cinta he had set out to seek fame and fortune in the wide wide world. The two got over 600 miles from home without finding either and, tired and hungry, telegraphed for money to return.

The Longs, lonely without their boy and their dog, telegraphed a money-order to the wanderers; but this aid left them no better off than before. It read, Payable to Bart and Cinta, and the trouble was that Cinta could not sign her name; she could not even make a cross.

The C.N. thinks that in an unusual case of that kind a paw-print might have been of service.

KARL BARTH IN THE PEW

Listening To His
Own Speech

HOW THE NAZIS WERE OUTWITTED

A famous schoolmaster who reads the C.N. now that he has left school sends us this little story of how the Nazis were outwitted.

One of their chief critics is the famous Dr Karl Barth, one of the renowned theologians of Europe, who has been expelled from Germany. This is how they got rid of him.

It was at a great Convocation of the Confessional pastors of the Evangelical Church of Germany, gathered in the largest church in Barmen. It was their opening meeting, and Dr Karl Barth was to address them. It is Karl Barth's own province, and he is known to most of the senior pastors there.

After the hymn and prayers Dr Barth left his seat and proceeded to the pulpit steps. One of the secret police intercepted him, stretched out his arm to stop him ascending the steps, and said, "I forbid you."

"What if I insist and go forward?" said Karl Barth.

"Then I will pull you down," said the policeman.

"I am not here to make a scene in this holy place," said the professor, and quietly resumed his seat.

A short pause, and then a local pastor mounted the high pulpit and delivered an address which he read impressively from typescript. *It was word for word what Dr Barth had intended to say.* He had sat in the pew listening to his own address instead of delivering it.

For the moment the police failed to understand, but afterwards, when they discovered how they had been hoaxed, they were furious, and that evening they conducted Karl Barth under escort to the station and put him on the night train to Basle.

THE SACRED FIELD OF FAITH

Neglected Bunhill Fields

Bunhill Fields is to receive attention. It is time.

The City of London has made a grant of some hundreds of pounds to tidy this burial-ground shadowed by the dusty warehouses of the City Road and so remote behind its railings that few seek to visit it.

Yet there is no spot in all England where one may stand and take in at a glance, and almost touch, the last resting-places of so many heroic Englishmen famous for their faith.

Here lie, close together, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Thomas Goodwin (who was with Oliver Cromwell when he died), and the Protector's son-in-law Charles Fleetwood. With them are Daniel Defoe, who wrote Robinson Crusoe, Susannah Wesley (mother of John Wesley), and William Blake, who belongs to no party but to all who love beauty and await the coming of the new Jerusalem. This is no foreign field, but one

*That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
A dust which England bore, shaped,
made aware.*

Should not England preserve and make beautiful this sacred field, giving it flowers and a homely pleasantness to draw people to it? In the dull street it puts forth a few green leaves which spring from the immortal dust beneath; but it should be an oasis, reverently tended, an unforgotten shrine for pilgrims.

Manchester has turned three old burial-grounds into gardens, and what Manchester does today perhaps London will do tomorrow.

20,000 MILES TO SEE THE BOYS

The Headmaster Goes Round the World

There will be a lot of wearing of the old school tie among old boys of the Leeds Modern School in the next four months, for they will surely put it on to greet the headmaster, Dr G. F. Morton, who has started on a 20,000-miles tour to visit his old boys overseas.

He sailed with the Queen Mary to America, and is to cross into Canada, look up some old boys at Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Edmonton, and in the backwoods of British Columbia. He will sail for New Zealand, spend some time in Australia, chiefly in Sydney and Brisbane, and then, having said farewell to his old boys, will be back among his present boys before the end of the autumn term.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of August 1911

A Wonderful Meeting of Peoples. A great change is passing over the world—the greatest and perhaps the most vital ever witnessed. The nations of the East are vying with each other to advance into line with the reformed West; and for the first time in human history the idea of the brotherhood of all the peoples of the globe is tending to become a beautiful reality. Mankind is realising that social conditions and social ideals are the chief factors in determining the strength and greatness of a people.

RUBBISH

The rubbish of one age is treasure for another.

Out of the kitchen middens of Norway has come much of our knowledge of the Lake Dwellers; out of the heaps of oddments thrown on the floors of caves have come valuable clues to the life of primitive man. In the rubbish heaps of the East we have found information which has enabled scholars to piece together the story of the past.

In 1872 there was a heap of rubbish in the British Museum, a collection of fragments of clay tablets which were thought to be good for nothing but the lumber-room. One day one of the officials picked up a fragment, and found it had part of a story of a ship resting on the mountains and of a man who had sent out a dove. He began searching through the rubbish heap, and out of the thousands of clay tablets gathered sufficient to put together the Chaldean account of the Deluge.

Sayings of Jesus

On a city's rubbish heap Dr Arthur Hunt of our own day picked up a scrap of paper on which were written unknown sayings of Jesus. He was exploring the ruins of a city by the Nile, and had the thrill of finding those stirring words of Jesus which are not in the Bible, though they echo a promise found in the New Testament: Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

It was among the lumber in an old tower of the monastery of St Gallo that a priceless copy of Quintilian was found; and the most precious copy of Tacitus we know was discovered among what were thought to be worthless things in a monastery of Westphalia. The wonderful Codex Sinaiticus, now among the greatest treasures in the British Museum, was long counted as rubbish. We have always known that Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford Gaol, but it was not till 1934, when someone was about to burn a bundle of old papers believed to be nothing but rubbish, that the vexed question as to whether he was imprisoned in the County Gaol or the Town Prison on the Bridge was settled. Out of the rubbish came the answer, and now we know he was imprisoned in the County Gaol.

Gardens From Dustheaps

From old rags Dewsbury makes new clothes. From the litter of their streets many towns and cities are making valuable products, and raising beauty in the form of gardens and playing-fields from their dustheaps. The waste products of gasworks, once useless, are now invaluable to chemists; and the shining wonder of stainless steel, one of the features of our age, came accidentally out of a rubbish heap, a workman, at a great steel factory noticing that some scraps of metal which had been thrown out had remained bright when others, thrown out at the same time, had become discoloured.

In Bolivia is a railway station built of material from the ruins of ancient palaces and temples of the Incas, the walls still adorned with condors and pumas and huge figures.

One day while he was looking over the site which had been cleared for the building of the new St Paul's, Sir Christopher Wren found among a heap of rubbish a stone with a Latin word which meant *I shall rise again*. It was a prophecy which he lived to see fulfilled.

FOR REMEMBRANCE

The Lord Mayor Goes To a Far Country

When the Lord Mayor of London reaches Canada for the Vancouver Jubilee celebrations he will not arrive empty-handed.

Sir Percy Vincent will travel like an ambassador to a far country bearing gifts. To Vancouver he will present a copy of the City of London's silver mace, which was made for it by a Georgian silversmith in 1735. The copy weighs 340 ounces and is 5 feet 3 inches long. Its presentation to Vancouver is like the conferment of the Freedom of London City.

There is a London in Ontario also. It is told that during the war a man who came from Canada to England to enlist gave the name of his birthplace as London. The recruiting officer asked if he meant London, Ontario. "No," replied the cockney scornfully. "No, London—half the blessed world!"

Swans From London's River

But London in Ontario has its pride and its public park. To its lake the Lord Mayor is taking four swans from London's river. At Battersea the other day we saw no fewer than 52 of them assembling on the Thames.

The cathedral church of Victoria, British Columbia, Sir Percy will endow with one of the rarest gifts, a silver ewer wrought by an Elizabethan goldsmith in 1587, and till now part of the church plate of the Lord Mayor's official church, St Mary Woolnoth in Lombard Street.

Vancouver will have the largest number of presents. They include a silver statuette of Sir Isaac Newton and seven growing shrubs from his garden at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, among them holly and ivy and rosemary: rosemary for remembrance.

THEY ALL WANT FAIRBRIDGE SCHOOLS

Kingsley Fairbridge would be a happy man if he had lived till today to see his dream of Farm Schools coming true.

The Dominions are forming up in queue for them. In the last year a Fairbridge farm school with the King as patron has been established on Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

Twenty years ago while Kingsley Fairbridge was still thinking out his great idea he wrote to Mr Harry Logan telling him what he thought such a school might be. Mr Logan is now the head of the Vancouver Island school. He welcomed the first children there last September, and 23 of them came from the distressed area of Tyneside. They took at once to their new surroundings.

The Rhodes Scholars of New South Wales are next on the list to ask for a school. Mr Andrew Reid of Sydney will help to pay for it. Victoria will not be left behind. It is to have its Northcote farm school, modelled on the lines of the Fairbridge schools, with Colonel Heath, for eight years principal of the original Fairbridge School in Western Australia, to direct it.

Meanwhile the school in Western Australia continues to prosper, and soon all the Commonwealth States should be considering the desirability of adding one like it to their aims and resources.

LET US BE TIDY

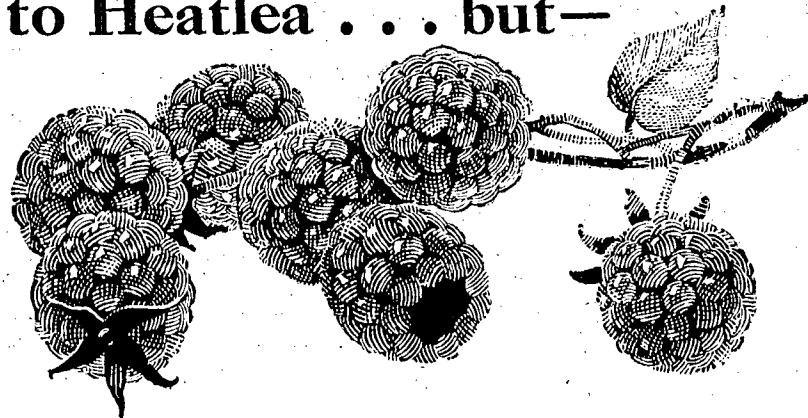
Within the last few weeks places so far apart as Sandy in Bedfordshire and Dartford in Kent have informed the tenants of the council houses that unless they keep their gardens tidy they will be ejected from their dwellings.

We hope other authorities will follow suit where the need exists, and that the same solicitude will be directed to the ruffians who rent or buy a little plot of land in a lovely countryside and litter it with sheds, corrugated iron, wooden cases, and conspicuous dustbins.

All stations



to Heatlea . . . but—



You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

2^D

In Tubes

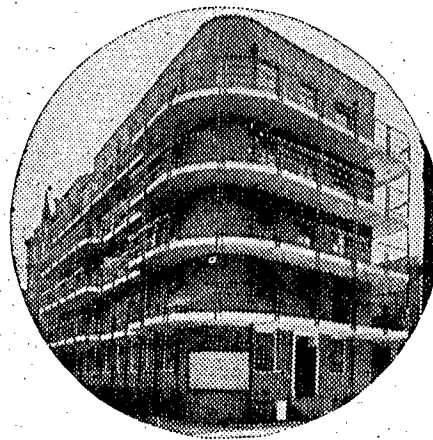
ASSORTED FRUIT
PASTILLES (Hard)
OR FRUIT CLEAR
GUMS (Medium)

Garson

Taste delicious raspberry and gooseberry—refreshing lime, lemon and tangerine—savour the flavour of real home-made jam—with apricot and blackcurrant—in Rowntree's FRUIT PASTILLES and FRUIT CLEAR GUMS.

Also try Rowntree's JUICY-FRUIT (Soft) 6d. ½ lb. packets or loose.

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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

THE PLUNDER PIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 21

Voices From the Pit

RACHEL looked horrified. "You two, alone!" she exclaimed.

"I'd better go alone," said Clive. "It's no game for a girl."

Wanda raised her head. Her eyes fairly flashed.

"You think I'd let you go alone, Clive? You must be crazy."

Clive shrugged. He saw that Wanda had made up her mind and that it was no use to contradict her.

"All right, old girl. You shall come. But first we must get some more clothes on."

Rachel looked from one to the other, but realised it was no use arguing. "I'll get candles and things," was all she said.

Clive and Wanda fled upstairs, and in almost no time were down again fully dressed. Clive had taken thought to bring Chad's slippers; he also had a knife.

Rachel had candles for them and an old-fashioned candle lantern in which to put the lighted one. It would not blow out, she explained. Besides, they could cover the light if need be with a handkerchief.

"And I'll fasten the cellar door. Be sure of that," were her last words as the two slipped out.

It was lighter than it had been. The clouds were breaking and stars showing through. At the gate Clive stopped.

"I'm going to put that car out of commission," he told Wanda. He opened the door, got in, and took off the brake. The car stood on a slope and at once began to move. Clive steered her to the side of the road and ran her into the shallow ditch. With her bonnet rammed into the soft bank it would take a horse to pull her out.

"Whatever happens, they won't get away with the plunder," he remarked with satisfaction. Then he and Wanda turned up the steep slope, keeping close under the stone wall of the garden. It was a stiff climb and they were a bit breathless when they got to the top. But it was getting lighter all the time. The short summer night was drawing toward dawn. Clive was relieved because going down that hill-side in the dark would be no joke.

The rope was where they had left it ten hours earlier, fastened firmly to the crowbar. Clive went down first and Wanda followed. They reached the little rock platform quite safely and stood a moment looking and listening. The quiet splash of the waves against the base of the cliff came up to them. For the rest all was quiet.

Clive went into the mouth of the cave, struck a match, and lit the lantern. Then he walked slowly forward, picking his way among the boulders which littered the floor. He and Wanda crept cautiously through the cleared space, and both drew deep breaths of relief when they saw the plank still in position, just as they had left it. They crossed it and paused on the far side of the rift.

"Wonder if we ought to leave it there," Clive said.

"I don't think we'd better meddle with it," Wanda answered. "We might not be able to get it back if we wanted it in a hurry."

"Daresay you're right," Clive agreed, and was moving on when Wanda stopped him.

"Better put something over that light," she said. "We don't want to be spotted by anyone down below there."

Clive put a handkerchief over the lantern and again they went on cautiously. The passage was more open and there was plenty of head room.

"Looks as if it had been cleared at some time," Clive whispered.

Wanda caught his arm. "Listen!" she said.

A voice came up to them, muffled by distance yet perfectly clear. "Keep your hands out of that! You hear me!"

Clive stopped as if shot.

"It's—it's Torgan," he muttered. "And who else?"

As if in answer a second voice came to them. "What's the matter? I ain't doing no harm."

"And you won't while I'm watching you," retorted Torgan, and his tone was filled with a ferocity which made even the other man's seem mild.

"It's Jake," Clive told Wanda. "Jake is with Torgan. They must have found the plunder and are quarrelling over it."

Wanda did not reply at once. She was listening hard. From this spot she and Clive could hear but not see, so it seemed plain that the passage in which they stood led down to the chamber where the treasure was hidden, but that it curved so as to cut off all sight of the Pit.

"They're packing up the stuff," Clive said.

"And Jake's trying to help himself to some of it," Wanda added.

"That's about the size of it," agreed Clive, and, in spite of the serious situation, he showed his teeth in a quick grin. Then he turned grave again. "There's not much time to lose. That's a sure thing," he added.

"What are we going to do?" Wanda asked. "You and I can't tackle two big men."

"Three probably. Ben Grint is almost sure to be there. And the chances are they are armed."

"Oh, Clive, this is dreadful!"

"There's only one thing to do so far as I can see," Clive told her. "Clear out."

Wanda stared.

"If we go back up the passage," said Clive, "and take the plank away they are prisoners. The cellar door is fastened. Rachel has seen to that. And your father will be there with his shot-gun. They can't get the stuff out or get out themselves."

Wanda shook her head.

"They have Chad and Jan down there, and Major Garnett too, I expect. Just think what they may do to them if they find themselves trapped."

"Yes," said Clive slowly, "they can hold them and use them to make terms."

CHAPTER 22

Chad the Scapegoat

A CLANKING sound came from below, then a panting as of someone carrying a heavy weight.

"That's enough," came Jake's unpleasant voice. "I can't carry no more."

"Right! I can take the rest," the speaker was Torgan. "And that will be the lot."

"Good job, too," said Jake sulkily. "And don't forget we've got to take it through the house. And the woman's there, and the old man too."

"You attend to your own business," retorted Torgan. "I'll see to that."

Wanda turned to Clive. "Now's our chance," she said quickly. "They're going

back into the cellar with the plate. If we slip down into the treasure place we can let Chad and Jan loose."

"You're right," said Clive. "Only—this is my job."

"No, Clive. I must come too."

"You're not coming, Wanda." Clive's tone startled Wanda. "Listen to me. Two are no use down there. I can do all that's necessary. If I can find them I can cut them loose. Your job is to go back to the Gap, cross it, and be ready to pull the plank away. It's on the cards that Grint may be there and chase us. It'll make all the difference if someone's ready there to pull the plank away the moment we're over."

"But—" began Wanda.

"No buts about it. Just remember that the cellar door is fast, and the moment Torgan finds that out he'll smell a rat and will come back for Chad and Jan. I'm going now. You take the lantern," he added, as he started. "I have the flash."

Wanda watched till the tiny thread of light from his torch was lost round the curve, then turned and went quickly back up the passage.

Clive moved down the slope as quickly as he dared. Seeing a sharp curve in front, he switched off his light, and that was just as well because the next moment he saw a glow in the distance. He also heard a shuffling of feet as of men carrying heavy loads.

He paused a moment, then went on again. He kept one hand on the right-hand wall and crept along with the utmost caution. It would be fatal to make any noise if Ben Grint were still in the cavern.

Presently he realised that the passage was widening. He paused again. He could still hear footsteps, but the light was gone and the blackness in front unbroken. This was a relief, for it meant that none of Torgan's men had been left behind.

The sound of steps died away, but still Clive listened. He hated this utter gloom and longed to switch on his light. Then another sound came to his straining ears. It was someone breathing—breathing quickly as if excited. Clive decided to risk it. "Chad!" he whispered.

A moment's pause, then Chad's voice in a joyful whisper. "You, Clive! I knew you'd come. I told Jan."

"Jan there too? I say, is it safe to switch on my light?"

JACKO IS TOO GREEDY

ONE day Jacko came home carrying a bag of peaches.

"Look what Mr Dodd's given me for doing a little job!" he cried.

"That greengrocer's a smart chap," retorted Adolphus. "I guess he couldn't sell them because they're not ripe."

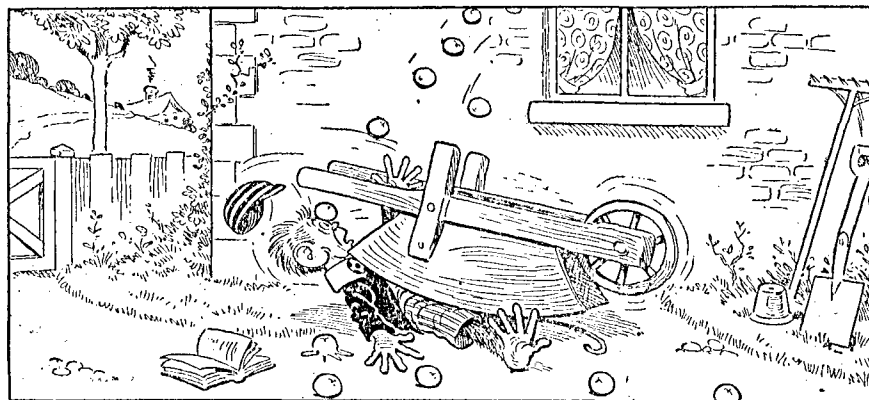
Jacko flared up. "Don't worry," he snapped. "No one's going to ask you to eat any."

But Adolphus was particularly fond of peaches, so he didn't want to quarrel

parlour window. "Coo! That's the ticket!" he chuckled. "They'll ripen there in two twinks."

Then he scampered to an upstairs window and leaned out to roll his peaches into the middle of the blind.

He thought it safer to stay near his treasures, so he went and curled up in a wheelbarrow which was standing outside the parlour window. He smacked his lips as he thought of the fruit he was soon going to enjoy.



The wheelbarrow sprang up too!

with his brother. "Look here," he suggested, "you just stick 'em in the sun and they'll ripen for us in no time."

Jacko marched from the room with his precious bag. "Ripen for us, will they?" he muttered. "Not if this lad knows it!"

He carried them to the garden and laid them in the middle of the lawn.

"That's no good," he promptly decided. "If Adolphus spots 'em he'll grab 'em. I'll find a safer place."

Jacko gazed round, and suddenly caught sight of the sun-blind outside the

Then he pulled out a book and began to read. He got so interested in his story that he didn't notice a breeze blowing up. A sudden sharp gust blew up the blind and shot everything on it on to his head.

Splash! The juiciest peach of all fell plump in Jacko's face, and he sprang up smartly to dodge the next one.

But the wheelbarrow sprang up smartly too! Before you could say "Jack Robinson" Jacko was tipped out and lay sprawling on the ground with the overturned barrow on top of him!

"You'll have to. We're tied neck and crop. I think it's all right. Torgan and Jake have gone up to the cellar."

"Where's Ben?"

"Haven't seen him. Quick, old lad!"

Clive switched on the torch and, swinging its tiny beam across the rock floor, saw Chad flat on his back, bare-footed, clad in nothing but his thin pyjamas. Jan in shirt and trousers lay beside him. There was blood on Jan's face. Clive came across like a shot.

"Are you hurt, Jan?" he whispered.

"Took a fall. Baint nothing to speak of. Cut Mr Chad loose."

Clive had his knife ready. He slashed away the cords round Chad's wrist and ankles and Chad was on his feet in a moment.

"Here are your slippers," Clive said, as he pulled them out of his pocket.

"You're a brick," said Chad with warm approval. "Hurry with Jan. We have to get clear before those robbers come back."

"They'll come back all right," Clive said.

"Rachel has wedged the cellar door and Mr Heriot is in the passage with his shot-gun."

"Good man!" said Chad. "You got in by the cave, I take it."

"Wanda and I," Clive answered as he cut Jan loose. "Wanda's waiting up by the Gap. If we bunk out that way and pull the plank after us we have them boxed beautifully."

"We'll have to hurry," Chad said. "We want to get back to the house and give the others a hand. Jake has an axe and they'll tackle that cellar door for a certainty. They won't give up the treasure easily."

"They've got it then?"

"Every bit of it. A whole chest full. Never such stuff in your life. Lovely old silver plate, and some gold stuff too. Half a ton of it if there's an ounce. Took them four journeys to carry it up to the cellar. It was all in that big chest there." He pointed as he spoke to a huge old wooden chest standing against the wall of the cave. It was about five feet long and four high.

Jan was loose. Clive tried to help him up, but Jan fell down again.

"It be my head," he said hoarsely.

"That fall. Give me a minute and I'll be better."

"We'd better each take an arm and help him along," said Chad in a low voice.

Before Clive could answer there came another voice—Torgan's.

"The door's fast. The woman must have locked it."

"I told you we'd ought to have attended to her afore we started," Jake snapped back. Torgan said something that was certainly not a blessing. His voice sounded savage as that of a trapped wolf. Then the boys heard him roar: "Open that door! Open it quick, whoever's the other side!"

If there was any answer the boys could not hear it. Then Torgan spoke again to Jake.

"Go back into the cellar and fetch the prisoners. When they hear what we're doing to them I'll lay they'll open the door quick enough."

Clive spoke quickly.

"Come on, Chad. We have to get Jan out of this." Jan made a struggle to walk, but was so giddy he would have fallen if the boys had not caught him. Clive felt almost desperate.

"We must carry him," he said fiercely.

"Can't be done," returned Chad. Then suddenly his face changed. "I've got it," he went on swiftly. "You and Jan hide behind that chest. I'll stand here and wait for Jake. When he sees me I'll bolt. I can outrun him."

"But he might shoot."

"He won't. He wants me alive, not dead. Give me your torch, and get behind the chest as quick as ever you can. Here, I'll give a hand."

There was no time to argue, so Clive helped Chad to steer Jan in behind the chest. There was just room between the chest and the wall for the two to crawl in. The moment they were safe Chad leaped away and ran noiselessly on slippered feet to the upper mouth of the Treasure Cave. He had Clive's torch, but as he reached the spot from which he meant to make his start he switched it out. Next moment Jake's light lit up the end of the opposite tunnel, and the great gaunt figure of the man showed in its gleam.

Chad was in a tight place and knew it, yet, in spite of this fact and of the deadly danger, the sight of Jake's face when he saw that his prisoners had vanished nearly made him laugh. The man's jaw fell, his eyes bulged. He stood staring at the spot where Chad and Jan had been lying as if he could not believe his senses. Then suddenly he came to himself.

"They're gone!" he roared. "Torgan, they're gone!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

All you want to know about the NAVY



Take a glimpse at our wonderful Navy, mobilised in the pages of this most interesting all-photogravure book. Become acquainted with the fighting ships that guard our shores—Battleships and Battle Cruisers, Aircraft Carriers, Destroyers, and Submarines—in fact, every type of craft that flies the White Ensign is dealt with inside the covers of this publication. Come behind the scenes of the Service, see the different forms of Naval activity, learn what the officers and men are paid—how to recognise ranks and badges. These are but a few of the things described in this superbly illustrated souvenir. Make sure of your copy.

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All gone!



Sweet, juicy fruit is sweeter and more juicy still inside the tender crust of an "Atora" pudding. How the children dote on it! The wisest thing mothers can do is to cook the fresh season's fruit in a pudding, the crust made light and delicious with Hugon's "Atora," the good Beef Suet. Here is healthful food, dainty and appetising, suited to the season, and containing the vital nourishment that children need in Summer as well as Winter.

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Cook the Fruit in Season in an "ATORA" Pudding

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 8, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS?

Transposition

COMPLETE, I am seen in the sky;
Beheaded, am juice of the
pine;
Reversed, am but vermin. Don't
sigh,
But quickly my meaning divine.

Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE ringdove is laying for the second time. The nest of twigs, built in the forked branches of a tree or in the ivy, is very light and fragile, the contents often being discernible from below.

When hatched the young have a yellowish down and are unable to see, for about nine days. When fully plumed the ringdove has a general colouring of slate-grey with a patch of white on the neck, surrounded by the greenish ring which gives the bird its name.

A Fish Puzzle

WHAT fish that's nice to eat
Contains—tis strange to
tell—
Its full-grown parent and
Another fish as well?

Answer next week

Starting Level

THE scene was a riding-school.
"Have you ever ridden a horse?" asked the sergeant.
"No, sergeant," replied the recruit.
"Well, here's the very animal for you. He's never been ridden, so you two can start level."

Ici on Parle Français



Le radis La laitue La ciboule
radish lettuce spring onion

De la laitue fraîche, de la petite ciboule, et un radis ou deux! Je savourerai ma salade.

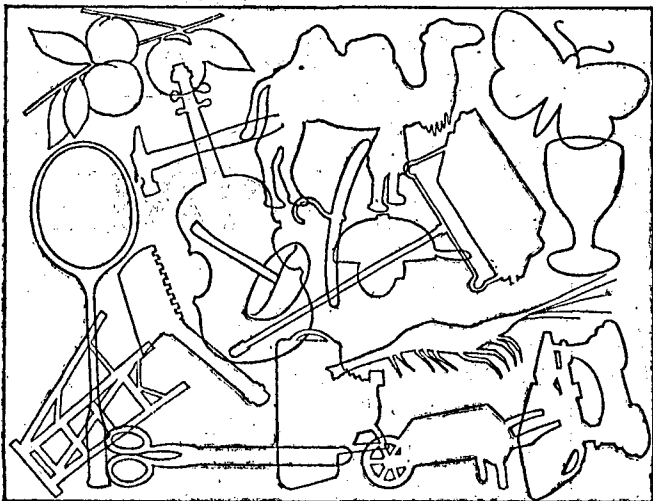
Fresh lettuces, some little spring onions, and a radish or two! I shall enjoy my salad.

How Australasia Got Its Name

IN this name we include Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Fiji, all parts of the British Empire, as well as other islands.

Australia was called New Holland by the Dutch, who discovered it in 1606. Austral means south, so Australasia really means Southern Asia; but Australia is a continent by itself.

Two Prizes of Ten Shillings and Twelve Half-Crowns For Boys and Girls



THE C.N. offers more holiday pocket-money for clever girls and boys of fifteen or under who send the most correct list of objects shown in outline in this picture—two prizes of ten shillings each and twelve half-crowns.

Having made a note of the names copy them in alphabetical order on a postcard, and remember that in case of ties the prizes will go to senders of the best-written lists according to age. Even if you cannot recognise all the objects send as complete a list as possible, for there may be many others who cannot name all the outlines shown.

Write your name, address, and age on the postcard and address it to C.N. Competition Number 6, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, August 14. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. Families connected with the Amalgamated Press may not compete.

Goodbye

ALTHOUGH the common English goodbye with a handshake is widely used there are many other forms in existence. For instance, the Turk will cross his hands on his breast and bow, the Filipino rubs his friend's face, a Hindu falls at your feet into the dust, Fijians cross two red feathers, and the Burmese bow deeply. The Jap makes a very elaborate farewell by removing his slipper and saying, "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honourable journeyings—I regard thee."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Venus and Mercury are in the West soon after sunset. In the morning Mars is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, August 11.

Charade

ALL grades of men must do my first,
Or idle they will be;
Great numbers of my next in town,
If you go there, you'll see;
And it should be the workman's care
To keep my whole in good repair.

Answer next week

Proof?

A PARTY of visitors hired a local boatman. As they were rounding a rocky part of the coast the boatman said he had lived so long in those parts that he knew every submerged rock.

Just then the boat hit something and shook rather ominously. "There you are," said the boatman, "that's one of them."

Nonsense

THERE once was a stiff-necked giraffe
Whose throat was bound up with a staff,
But he said, twixt his cries,
"If their necks were my size
They wouldn't just stand there and laugh!"

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Beheading. Clear, Lear, ear.
A Mystery. U, hue; yew, Hugh; you, hew.

Transposition. Foal, loaf.
Jumbled Waters. Lagoon, lake, stream, pool, ocean, canal.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

N	O	T	A	B	L	E		W	O	R	S	T	E	D
O	P	E	N		O	R	D	E	R		T	R	E	E
M	E	N		A	C	R	O	B	A	T		A	L	L
A	E	A	C	H		O	L	E	N	D		V		
D	A	T	U	M		E	R	A		S	I	E	V	E
C		G	E	A	R		P	A	T	E		I		
B	R	A	E		L	E	V	E	L		C	O	A	L
P	E	T	R	O	L		A	B	E	E	T	L	E	

Tales Before Bedtime

Sarah's Picnic

SARAH's brothers and sister were a good deal older than she was, so when they were all staying with Aunt Edie, and the Vicarage children invited them for a picnic in the woods, Sarah was not included in the invitation.

"You see, darling," Aunt Edie explained, "you're so much younger than they are, and they're going all by themselves."

"But I can go with them," said Sarah.

"They wouldn't want to have to look after you," her aunt went on. "There won't be any grown-ups there at all. But I tell you what we'll do—you and I will have a picnic in the garden all by ourselves."

"But I don't want any grown-ups either," declared Sarah.

Aunt Edie laughed and gave her Rosamund to play with.

Rosamund was a lovely big doll that had belonged to Aunt Edie when she was a little girl.

When Sarah came down to breakfast on the morning of the picnic she was looking rather tearful; the others all chattered about the fun they were going to have. Then she discovered a letter on her plate, and none of the others had letters.

Aunt Edie read it to her, and it said:

"Dear Sarah, Will you come for a picnic in the orchard this afternoon? I'm not asking any grown-ups. With love from Rosamund."

"Hoo!" cried Sarah's sister. "Rosamund's asked you to a real picnic, Sarah."

Sarah was very pleased.

"It'll be nicer than yours," she said.

And when she had finished her rest in the afternoon Sarah found Rosamund in the hall sitting on a real picnic-basket.

"Rosamund is ready to take you to the orchard," Aunt Edie said.

Sarah trotted off with Rosamund in one arm and the picnic-basket under the other.

They started their picnic almost at once, they were so excited. Inside the basket Sarah found a thermos flask full of hot milk; and there were cakes and sandwiches, a mug for Sarah, and a doll's cup and saucer and plate for Rosamund.

What fun they had all by themselves!

And when the others came back all talking about their picnic Sarah said stoutly, "It couldn't have been as nice as mine, because Rosamund's and mine was the nicest picnic there ever was!"

GET THE NIGHTLY EUTHYMOL HABIT

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to:—The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

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You should send for this wonderful packet immediately. It contains 32 different stamps, including our beautiful little Princess, who may one day be Queen Elizabeth II. her father, the Duke of York, the heir presumptive, King Edward VIII in Colonel's uniform, and an old King Edward VII. There are 5 different Jubilee stamps, long sets of Spain and Bohemia in this packet, and, finally, a large, beautiful pictorial Jubilee, depicting both the late King George and Queen Mary. Absolutely all free. Just send 2d. for postage and request approvals. LISBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. C.N.), LIVERPOOL.

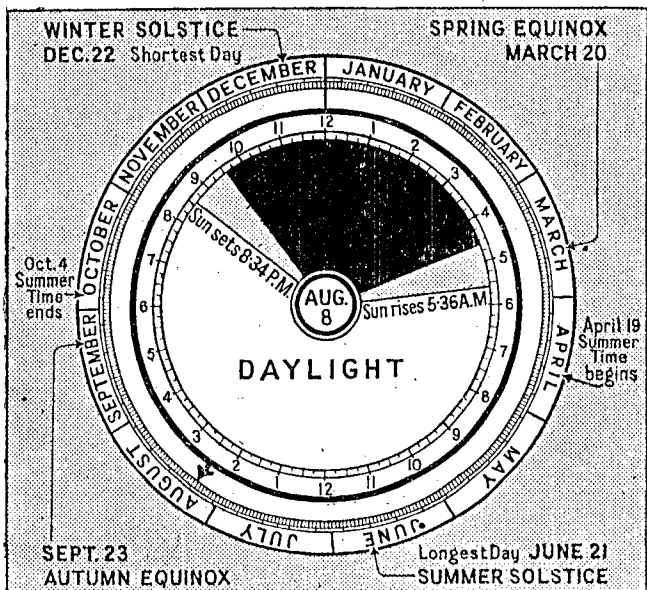
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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD



The C.N. Calendar. This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on August 8. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.